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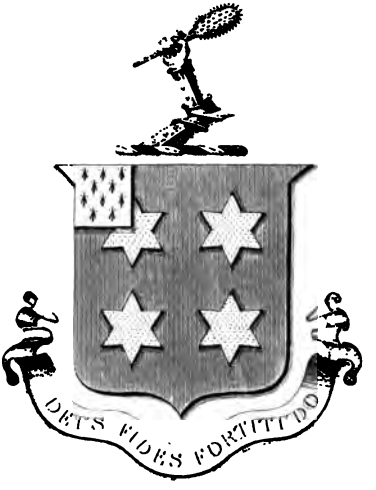

Thomas Westwood.

SCARRONIDES:

OR,

VIRGIL TRAVESTIE.

A

MOCK POEM

ON THE

FIRST AND FOURTH BOOKS

OF

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID,

IN ENGLISH BURLESQUE.

BY CHARLES COTTON, Esq.

COMPARED WITH FORMER EDITIONS.

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VIRGIL TRAVESTIE.

* I Sing the man (read it who liſt,
A Trojan true as ever p—)
† Who from Troy town, by wind and weather
To Italy (and God knows whither)
Was pack'd, and rack'd, and loſt, and toſt,
And bounc'd from pillar unto poſt.
‡ Long wander'd he thro' thick and thin;
Half-roaſted now, now wet to the ſkin:
By ſea and land, by day and night;
‖ Forc'd, as'tis ſaid, by the god's ſpite
Although the wiſer ſort ſuppoſe,
§ 'Twas by an old grudge of *Juno's*;

---

* *Arma, virúmque cano,* † Trojæ *qui primus ab oris*
Italiam, *fato profugus,* Lavináque *venit*
Litora. ‡ *multum ille et terris jactatus, et alto,*
‖ *Vi Superûm,*———
———§ *Sævæ memorem* Junonis *ob iram;*

A Murrain curry all curſt wives!
He needs muſt go, the Devil drives.
* Much ſuffer'd he likewiſe in war,
Many dry blows, and many a ſcar:
Many a rap, and much ado
At quarter-ſtaff and cudgels too,
Before he could be quiet for 'em,
(Pox of all knaves, for I abhor 'em:)
But this ſame younker at the laſt,
(All brawls and ſquabbles over-paſt)
And all theſe rake-hells overcome,
† Did build a pretty *Grange* call'd *Rome*.

‡ But oh, my Muſe! put me in mind,
To which o'the Gods was he unkind:
‖ Or, what the plague did *Juno* mean,
(That croſs-grain'd, peeviſh, ſcolding quean,
That ſcratching, cater-wawling puſs)
§ To uſe an honeſt fellow thus?
(To curry him like pelts at tanners)
** Have Goddeſſes no better manners?

†† A little town there was of old,
Thatch'd with good ſtraw to keep out cold,
Hight *Carthage*, which, (if not bely'd)
Was by the *Tyrians* occupy'd:

---

* *Multa quoque et bello paſſus, dum conderet urbem,*
——† *Atque alta mœnia Romæ.*
‡ *Muſa, mihi cauſas memora, quo numine læſo:*
‖ *Quidve dolens regina deum,* § *tot volvere caſus*
Inſignem pietate virum, tot adire labores
Impulerit. ** *Tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ?*
†† *Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuêre Coloni,*
Carthago, ——

‡ The

‡ The luſtieſt carles all thereabouts,
Rich chuffs, and very ſturdy louts.
‖ Now this ſame *Carthage*, you muſt know,
Juno did love out of all *whoe :*
There are alive that yet will ſwear it,
No village like it, no place near it :

* Except a place, forſooth, that's famous
For her own birth, a farm call'd *Samos ;*
Here ſhe her trinkets kept and odd things,
Her needles, poking-ſticks, and bodkins ;
And here in houſe, which her own key-locks,
† She us'd to keep her coach, and peacocks.

This place then mainly pleas'd her humour,
‡‡ But ſhe had heard a ſcurvy rumour,
That *Trojans*, arm'd in coats of camlet,
Should one day overthrow her hamlet ;
Plunder her cheſts, joint-ſtools, and tables,
And burn her cow-houſes and ſtables.

‖‖ She, fearful of this ſad prædiction,
(Which prov'd a true one and no fiction)
** And mindful of her injur'd honour,
When *Paris* gave the apple from her ;

——— ‡ *Studiiſque aſperrima belli :*
‖ *Quam* Juno *fertur terris magis omnibus unam*
* *Poſthabitâ coluiſſe* Samo. † *hîc illius arma,*
Hîc currus fuit :———
‡‡ *Progeniem ſed enim* Trojano *à ſanguine duci*
Audiêrat, Tyrias *olim quæ verteret arces.*
‖‖ *Id metuens,* ———
** *Necdum etiam cauſæ irarum ſævique dolores*
Exciderant animo. Manet altâ mente repôſtum
Judicium Paridis, ——

Did many years bend her devotion.
To drown *Æneas* in the ocean;
And many a ſlipperey trick ſhe plaid him;
Till *Jove* at laſt o'er ſea convey'd him;
* So hard it is, where an old grudge is,
To get out of a woman's clutches.

Æneas had not been o' the water
Above an hour, or ſuch a matter;
Nor further row'd, than we may rate
'Twixt *Parſon's* Dock and *Billingſgate*,
Or ſay, betwixt *Dover* and *Calais*,
† When *Juno* (full of her old malice)
Thus with herſelf began to mutter,
"Cannot I drown theſe crows i'th' gutter?
"Muſt they go on, fearing no colours?
"And cannot I ſquander their ſcullers?
"Muſt theſe ſame *Trojan* raſcals note me,
"‡Becauſe the *Fates* (forſooth) oppoſe me?
"‖*Pallas* could wherries burn and gallies,
"And clatter *mortals* bones like tallies:
"§But I, *Jove's Siſter* and his *Wife*,
"Can do no miſchief for my life."

---

* *Tantæ molis erat* Romanam *condere gentem.*
Vix è conſpectu Siculæ *telluris in altum*
Vela dabant læti, et ſpumas ſalis ære ruebant;
† *Cum* Juno, *æternum ſervans ſub pectore vulnus,*
Hæc ſecum: Méne incepto deſiſtere victam
‡ *Quippe vetor* fatis. ‖ Pallàſne *exurere claſſem*
Argivûm *potuit?* ———
§ *Aſt ego, quæ Divûm incedo Regina,* Joviſque
Et Soror, et Conjux, unâ cum gente tot annos
Bella gero: ———

* *Juno*

* *Juno* enrag'd, and fretting thus,
" †Runs me unto one *Æolus*:"
This *Æolus*, as ſtories tell us,
Could backward blow like a ſmith's bellows,
A day, a week, a month together;
And, by his f——, make foul weather;
Blow men, and trees, and houſes down;
Great ſhips and almoſt fiſhes drown.
He was, in *fine*, the loudeſt of f——,
Yet could command his hinder quarters,
Correct his tail, and only blow,
If there occaſion were, or ſo:
‡ Whom *Jove* obſerving to be ſo ſtern,
In the wiſe conduct of his poſtern,
He made him king of all the puffers,
Which he (becauſe he knew them huffers)
Durſt no where venture, I muſt tell ye,
But in the caverns of his belly:
Which having but one poſtern gate
For theſe mad boys to ſally at,
He might the faſter peg them in,
And by the plucking out a pin,
Then (at his eaſe) *a*—— about
To any quarter let them out.
*To this ſame king, Queen *Juno* poſted,
And thus in flatt'ring terms accoſted.

---

* *Talia flammato ſecum Dea corde volutans,*
† Æoliam *venit. Hic vaſto Rex* Æolus *antro*
Luctantes ventos tempeſtateſque ſonoras
Imperio premit, ———
‡ *Sed Pater omnipotens* ———
——— *Regémque dedit, qui fœdere certo*
Et premere, et laxas ſciret dare juſſus habenas.
* *Ad quem tum* Juno *ſupplex his vocibus uſa eſt:*

" *Thou

* " Thou mighty king, whoſe potent ſway
" The lawleſs *bluſt'rers* do obey;
" Whoſe nod the ſtubborn'ſt winds do dread,
" (Even altho' in *Scotland* bred)
" Thou whoſe unruly empire reaches
" As far as the wide compaſs ſtretches,
" Hear a poor queen's requeſt, and ſay,
" Thou'lt do't: for I muſt have no nay.

† " There are a few tatter-de-mallions,
" That (with a pox) would be *Italians*,
" And into *Latium* now are going,
" With oar and ſculls tugging and rowing:
" A crew of drunken roaring ruffi'ns,
" Lewd, wand'ring ſturdy raggamuffins:
" Raſcals I hate, as I do garlick,
" And yet the rogues are ſtout and warlike:
" ‡ If therefore thou wilt ſmoke theſe royſters,
" And ſouſe them all like pickl'd oyſters,
" There is a pretty maid of mine,
" Call'd *Die*, ſhall be thy concubine."

Æolus hearken'd to this ſtory,
With no ſmall pride, no little glory;
To have a queen ſo gay and trim,
Come to requeſt a boon of him!

---

* Æole, *(namque tibi Divûm pater atque hominum Rex*
Et mulcere dedit fluctus, et tollere vento;)
† *Gens inimica mihi* Tyrrhenum *navigat æquor,*
Ilium *in* Italiam *portans,*———
‡ *Incute vim ventis, ſubmerſaſque obrue puppes:*
Aut age diverſos, & diſjice corpora ponto.
Sunt mihi bis ſeptem præſtanti corpore Nymphæ:
Quarum, quæ formâ pulcherrima, Deïopeiam
Connubio jungam ſtabili, propriamque dicabo:

But

But th' *wench*, i'th' tail of the preamble,
O that! that made his bowels wamble,
(And wind, you know, under correction,
Is a main cauſer of erection;)
He, liſt'ning ſtood, wriggling and ſcraping;
But durſt not bow, for fear of 'ſcaping;
Until at laſt, with cap in hand, Sir,
† He thus return'd with modeſt anſwer:

" O queen (quoth he) my thanks are real,
" That you will uſe your ſervant *Æol:*
" And ſhould I not pay your civility,
" To th' utmoſt of my poor ability,
" Who art great *Jove's* ſiſter and wife,
" It e'en were pity of my life:
" I'll play theſe rake-hells ſuch a hunts-up,
" As, if they were ſhees, would turn their —— up.
" Say you no more, the thing is done;
" I'll drown them ev'ry mother's ſon.
" But, ſince your grace is nice of ſmelling,
" I wiſh you were at your own dwelling
" There's reaſon for't (ſaving your favour)
" For truly (madam) I ſhall ſavour.
" But, I beſeech your grace in no wiſe
" Forget the *woman* that you promiſe."
Juno at that away does go,
As ſwift as arrow out of bow,
And in leſs time than I am ſpeaking,
Was got as high as top of * *Reking:*
No bigger now than ſchool-boy's kite,
And now clean vaniſh'd out of ſight.

* Mons Salopienſis.

---

† Æolus *hæc contrà: Tuus, ô Regina, quid optes*
Explorare labor: mihi juſſa capeſſere fas eſt.
Tu mihi quodcunque hoc regni, tu ſceptra Jovémque,
Concilias: ——

Æol, who all the while ſtood gaping,
At her fine peacocks' gawdy traping,
Seeing her mount *Olympus'* ſtair-caſe,
Began t'untruſs, to eaſe his carcaſe:
Twice belch'd he loud, from lungs of leather,
To call his roaring troops together;
And twice (as who ſhould ſay, we come)
They roar'd i'th' concave of his womb:
* with that he turns his buttocks ſea-ward,
And with a gibing kind of nay-word,
Quoth he, blind harpers, have among ye;
'Tis ten to one but I bed ——ye.
At the ſame word, lifting one leg,
And pulling out his truſty peg,
† He let at once his gen'ral muſter
Of all that e'er could blow, or bluſter;
And (like a coxcomb) in his tuel
Left not one puff to cool his gruel.

Have you not ſeen below the ſphere
A mortal drink call'd bottle-beer,
How, by the tapſter, when the ſtopple
Is raviſh'd from the teeming bottle,
It bounces, foams, and froths, and flitters,
As if 'twere troubled with the ſ———?

---

* *Hæc ubi dicta, cavum conversâ cuſpide montem*
Impulit in latus: ac venti, velut agmine facto,
Quâ data porta, ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.
Incubuêre mari, totúmque à ſedibus imis
† *Una* Eurúſque Notúſque *ruunt, crebérque procellis*
Africus, & vaſtos volvunt ad litora fluctus.
Inſequitur clamórque virúm, ſtridorque rudentum.
Eripiunt ſubitò nubes, cælúmque, diémque
Teucrorum ex occulis; ponto nox incubat atra,
Intonuêre poli, & crebris micat ignibus æther;
Præſentémque viris intentant omnia mortem.

Ev'n

Ev'n ſo, when Æol pluck'd the plug
From muzzle of his double jug,
The winds burſt out with ſuch a rattle,
As he had broke the ſtrings that twattle.
Bounce cries the port-hole, out they fly
And make the world dance *Barnaby*;
Throughout the ſeas, and coaſts they wander,
One *Boreas* was their chief commander;
A huffing *Jack* a plund'ring tearer,
A vap'ring ſcab, and a great ſwearer.

This fellow, and his boiſt'rous rout,
Finds me, o' ſea, the *Trojans* out.

Æneas, and his wandering mates,
Were, at that time, angling for *ſprats*;
Thinking no harm, no more than we do,
(For all was fine and fair to ſee to)
When, all on a ſudden; who would think it?
(By this good drink, I mean to drink it!)
It grew ſo dark, that, wanting light,
They could not ſee the fiſhes bite;
And ſtraight, ere one could ſay what's this?
The winds began to howl and hiſs,
And at the turning of a hand, Sir,
They grew ſo big one could not ſtand, Sir.
Than follow'd rain, lightning, and thunder,
As the whole world would fly aſunder.
Æneas hearing the winds threating,
And * ſeeing monſtrous billows beating,
Knowing they purpos'd to diſpatch him;
And that the *haddocks* watch'd to catch him;
* Fell preſently in a cold ſweat,
So ſick, he could not drink nor eat;

* By the Lightning

---

* *Extemplò Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra.* 'Twas

'Twas all the world to twenty pound,
He had not fall'n into a ſwoon;
But by *Jove's* favour being bleſt,
With guts in's head above the reſt;
Like to a cunning chapman, he
Made virtue of neceſſity,
And in the midſt of all deſpairs,
Thought it his beſt to fall to pray'rs.

* With woeful heart and blubber'd eyes,
Lifting his *mutton-fiſts* to th' ſkies,
He therefore pray'd, " O *Jupiter!*
" Either hear now, or never hear;
" Now, now, thy truſty *Trojans* cheriſh,
" Help now, or never, elſe we periſh.

† " Could not *Tydides* at *Troy* town,
" Should he be hang'd, once knock down?
" Nor yet the merry *Greek Achilles*,
" When he kill'd luſty *Hector*, kill theſe?
" And muſt we now be ſent, for diſhes,
" To *Sharks*, and ſuch like greedy fiſhes?"

‡ Thus went he on with his oriſons,
Which, if you mark 'em well, *were wiſe ones*,
Now praying, now expoſtulating;
But he might e'en have held his prating;
For *Jove*, if he had been more near him,
The noiſe was ſuch he could not hear him:

---

* *Ingemit, et duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas,*
Talia voce refert:
——— † *O* Danaûm *fortiſſime gentis*
Tydide, *méne* Iliacis *occumbere campis*
Non potuiſſe, tuâque animam hanc effundere dextrâ?
Sævus ubi Æacidæ telo jacet Hector, ———
‡ *Talia jactanti* ———

* The

* The winds grew louder ſtill, and louder,
And play'd their gambols with a powder:
Then, then indeed, began the pudder,
Here an oar broke, and there a rudder;
Here a boat kicking on the ſurges,
And there one ſinking in a *gurges*.
† Three boats a wind call'd *Notus* ruſtles,
Upon a paltry bed of muſcles,

‡ And there did roaring *Eurus* dabble ye,
In quick ſands deep, moſt lamentably.

‖ One wherry that the *Lycians* carry'd,
And one *Orontes*, never marry'd,
Was juſt about the time of dinner,
O'erwhelm'd, and all the men within her,
Orontes, tho' he was confounded,
Yet very loth to be thus drowned,
Did all he could, with might and main,
To have ſwam back to land again.
His ſkill he to the trial puts,
But could not do it for his guts:
And therefore was ſous'd up for *cod-fiſh*;
I doubt he prov'd but very odd-fiſh.

---

* ———*Stridens* Aquilone *procella*
Velum adverſa ferit, fluctúſque ad ſidera tollit.
Franguntur remi: tum prora avertit, et undis
Dat latus:———
† *Tres* Notus *abreptas in ſaxa latentia torquet:*
———‡ *Tres* Eurus *ab alto*
In brevia et ſyrtes urget, miſerabile viſu!
‖ *Unam, quæ* Lycios *fidùmque vehebat* Orontem,
Ipſius antea oculos ingens à vertice pontus
In puppim ferit: excutitur pronúſque magiſter
Volvitur in caput; Aſt illam ter fluctus ibidem
Torquet agens circùm, et rapidus vorat æquore vortex

* Now

* Now might you ſee the *Trojans* trimming
Upon the foaming billows ſwimming:
Sculls, oars, and ſtretchers, with their benches,
Floating amongſt the rolling trenches;
Hats, caps, and caſſocks, bands and ruffs,
(Indeed I think they wore no cuffs)
Balk-ſtaves, and cudgels, pikes and truncheons,
Brown bread and cheeſe, that ſwam by luncheons;
With treaſure paſt all mortal matching,
That any man might have for fetching.
† In the mean time, this hurly-burly,
That ſtill increas'd more loud and ſurly,
Rous'd *Neptune* with the ſtrange commotion,
Who liv'd i' the Bottom of the ocean.

This *Neptune* was of old a fiſher,
And to *Æneas* a well-wiſher:
'Cauſe on a time, *Venus*, that bore him,
Spoke a good word to her father for him,
And made him, for his good conditions,
King over all his pools, and fiſh-ponds.

This blade, when he firſt heard the ſea-ring,
Was pickling pilchards, ſprats, and herring:
But at the noiſe he throws his tray,
Fiſhes, and ſalt, and all away;
And taking up his three-fork'd trout-ſpear,
‡ Hey, hey, (quoth he) what a brave rout's here!

---

* *Apparent rar nantes in gurgite vaſto:*
Arma virûm, tabulæque, & Troïa gaza per undas.
† *Interea magno miſceri murmure pontum,*
Emiſſamque Hiemem ſenſit Neptunus, *et imis*
Stagna refuſa vadis:
——‡ *Gravitur commotus, et alto*
Proſpiciens, ſummâ placidem caput extulit undâ.
Diſjectam Æneæ toto videt æquore claſſem,
Fluctibus oppreſſos Troas, *cœlique ruinâ.*
Nec latuêre doli fratrem Junonis, *et iræ:*

Un-

Under his arms he had two bladders,
By which he mounted without ladders;
And, thruſting's head above the water,
Says, what a veng'ance ho's the matter?
Then ſeeing round how things were vary'd,
And how the *Trojans* had miſcarry'd;
He ſtraight began to ſmell a rat,
And ſoon perceiv'd what they'd be at:
For he knew all *Juno's* contriving,
And ſpite, as well as any living.

Have you not ſeen upon a river,
A water-dog, that is a diver,
Bring out his mallard and eft-ſoons
Be-ſhake his ſhaggy pantaloons?
So *Neptune*, when he firſt appears,
Shakes the ſalt liquor from his ears,
And made the winds themſelves to doubt him,
He threw the water ſo about him;
Vex'd at the plucks to ſee this clutter,
He ſcarce could ſpeak, but ſpurt and ſputter:

* Till beck'ning *Zephyrus* and *Eurus*,
He thus began in language furious:
" How durſt you, rogues, take the opinion
" To vapour here in my dominion,
" Without my leave; and make a lurry,
" That men cannot be quiet for ye!

---

* Eurum *ad ſe* Zephyrûm *que vocat; dehinc talia fatur:*
Tantâne vos generis tenuit fiducia veſtri?
Jam Cœlum Terràmque, meo ſine Numine, Venti,
Miſcere, & tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego. Sed motos præſtat componere fluctus.
Poſt mihi non ſimili pœnâ commiſſa luetis.

" Raſcals,

" Raſcals, I ſhall!——But well! Go to,
" I now have ſomething elſe to do;
" If e'er again I catch you creaking,
" 'Tis odds I ſpoil your bagpipes ſqueaking.
" * And ſirrah, you there: goodman * *Blaſter*,
" Go tell that f——g fool your maſter,
" That ſuch a whiſtling ſcab as he,
" Was ne'er cut out to rule the Sea;
" † But that it to my Empire fell:
" Bid him go vapour in his cell;
" There let him puff and domineer,
" But make no more ſuch foiſting here:
" And for what's paſt (if my aim miſs not)
" I'll teach him fizzle in my p——p——."

‡ Scarce had he bubbl'd out his ſentence,
But that they fled to ſhew repentance.
And he that erſt and made a din moſt,
Now cry'd, the Devil take the hindmoſt.
Ev'n as a flock of geeſe do flutter,
When crafty *Reynard* comes to ſupper;
So nimbly flew away theſe ſcoundrels,
Glad they had ſcap'd, and ſav'd their poundrels.

‖ Now all was fair again and frolic,
The ſea no more troubled with the colic;

* Speaking to Boreas himſelf.

---

* *Maturate fugam, regíque hæc dicite veſtro:*
Non illi imperium pelagi ———
† *Sed mihi, ſorte datum. Tenet ille immania ſaxa,*
Veſtras, Eure, *domos; illâ ſe jactet in aulâ*
Æolus, *& clauſo ventorum carcere regnet.*
‡ *Sic ait, & dicto citiùs tumida æquora placat,*
‖ *Collectáſque fugat nubes, ſolémque reducit.*
Cymothoë *ſimul, &* Triton *adnixus, acuto*
Detrudunt naves ſcopulo; levat ipſe tridenti,
Et vaſtas aperit ſyrtes & temperat æquor,

The

The ſun ſhone bright as on a *May-day*;
Had there been graſs, one might have made hay:
But yet ſome boats ſtuck on the flats,
Their men all daſh'd like water-rats.
Neptune at that his ſpeed redoubles,
To eaſe them of their peck of troubles:
He thruſt his *muck-fork* in two fathom,
Betwixt the boats and that which ſtaid 'em,
And lifted them ſheer off as clever,
As he had had a crow or lever:
"Now, Sirs (quoth he) you may go forward,
"And row Eaſt, Weſt, or South, or Northward.
"If the rogues come again, I'll ſwill 'em,
"I love a dog that comes from *Ilium*.
"And you *Æneas*, and your men,
"If e'er you come this way agen,
"I hope you'll call, or I'd be ſorry;
"I'll have a diſh of lobſters for ye."
Æneas, who was gentle-hearted,
Scrap'd him a leg, and ſo they parted.

They take their ſkulls again, and ply 'em;
Hanging their jerkins out to dry 'em;
Away they cut as ſwift as ſwallows,
Ploughing the ſea as men do fallows:
Till ere a man could well tell ten,
Or go to th' door and back agen,
* They all as plainly ſaw the other
Side, as we now ſee one another:
Then there old tugging was and pulling,
Never ſuch plying and ſuch ſculling:

— * *Quæ proxima, litora, curſu*
Contendunt petere,

They

They whoop'd and ſung gladder and gladder;
I think, *March* hares were never madder.
At laſt, all dangers notwithſtanding,
* They came unto a place of landing;
A pair of ſtairs they found not big ſtairs,
Juſt ſuch another place as *Trig-ſtairs*.
Not made for watermen, but women,
That uſe to come and waſh their linen:
There was old ſtriving then, and thruſting,
Which with their ſkuller ſhould get firſt in.
"Sirs (quoth *Æneas*) ſhew ſome breeding,
"Let's have no more haſte than good ſpeeding;
"Have patience, gentiles, I implore ye,
"And let your betters go before ye;"
With that they gave all place, and reaſon,
It elſe had been no leſs than treaſon;

† Whilſt our *Æneas*, at two leapings,
Set the firſt foot upon the ſteppings;
Then all the reſt came in a bundle,
As they would burſt each others trundle:
Weary they were, the wind had dous'd them,
And ſo they ſet them down and lous'd them.

‡ After a while a fellow knocks
Fire, with a ſteel and tinder-box;

---

* *Eſt in ſeceſſu longo locus; inſula portum*
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque ſinus ſcindit ſeſe unda reductos.
———† Æneas, *collectis navibus omni*
Ex numero, ſubit, ac magno telluris amore
Egreſſi optatâ potiuntur Troës *arenâ,*
Et ſale tabentes artus in litore ponunt.
‡ *Ac primùm ſilici ſcintillam excudit* Achates,
Suſcepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circùm
Nutrimenta dedit; rapuitque in fomite flammam.
Tum Cererem *corruptam undis,* Cerealiaque *arma*
Expediunt feſſi rerum: frugéſque receptas
Et torrere parant flammis, et frangere ſaxo.

For each man had his flint and touch-wood,
The world beſides could ſhew no ſuch wood:
Then ſticks they gather, leaves and briers,
And fall a making them good fires;
Then ſkellets, pans, and poſnets put on,
To make them porridge without mutton.

* In the mean time *Æneas* got him
Up to a hill to look about him,
And as he there a while ſtood gazing,
† He ſaw ſome ſheep below him grazing.
" ‡ O ho quoth he, I'll ſoon be wi' ye,
" Beſworn I'm glad at heart to ſee ye."

This ſaid, away my youth does go,
And fetches ſtraight a good yew-bow;
And arrows under's belt he ſticks too,
(For he could ſhoot at butts and pricks too)
His head he put a good ſteel cap on,
Becauſe he knew not what might happen:
And thus, as if he went to battle,
He goes to murder poor men's cattle.

‖ His arrow in the ſtring he nocks,
And ſhoots among the harmleſs flocks:
Theſe prov'd at chance to be the faireſt,
But he ſtill ſhot at that was neareſt.

---

* Æneas *ſcopulam interea conſcendit, & omnem*
Proſpectum latè pelago petit———
———† Tres litore cervos
Proſpicit errantes———
‡ *Conſtitit hic, arcúmque manu celerèſque ſagittas*
‖ *Ductoreſque ipſos primùm, capita alta ferentes*
Cornibus arboreis, ſternit. Seven

‖ Seven lordly tups he wounded mortal,
The other ſhots he made were ſhort all:
Theſe to his hungry mates he lurries,
(Pray what's his due that mutton worries?)
" *Here, lads, quoth he, here's ſides and haunches,
Fall to, and fill your empty paunches."

Scarce had he made an end of boaſting,
†But ſome to boiling fell ſome roaſting;
'Twas ſoon enough, and to't they fall,
They eat up mutton, guts and all;
Yet ſcarce could ſatisfy their hungers,
Theſe *Trojans* were ſuch mutton mongers.
‡There was by chance a *ſloop of liquor*,
Cork'd up in bottles made of *wicker*,
Giv'n by my hoſteſs I conceive,
When firſt *Æneas* took his leave:
This drink (to make the feaſt the fuller)
Æneas fetch'd out of his ſculler;
And like a man had ſomething in him,
Gave it as free as e'er was gi'n him:
Himſelf a diſh he firſt poured out,
For fear it would not go about:
Then ſtroking up his *whiſkers* greaſy,
He thus begins in words moſt eaſy.

‖ *Nec priùs abſiſtit, quam ſeptem ingentia victor*
Corpora fundat humi, ———
* —— *Et ſocios partitur in omnes.*
† *Pars in fruſtra ſecant, veribúſque trementia figunt.*
Litore ahena locant alii, flammáſque miniſtrant.
‡ *Vina, bonus quæ deinde cadis onerârat* Aceſtes
Litore Trinacrio, *dederátque abeuntibus heros,*
Dividit, & dictis mœrentia pectora mulcet:

* Here

* " Here, lads, have at ye, and be merry,
" We're got at laſt ſafe o'er the ferry ;
" And, tho' we've had but hungry work, yet,
" Let's make the beſt of a bad market :
" To-day let's drink, and hang to-morrow,
" A grain of mirth's worth pounds of ſorrow ;
" || Be blithe and jolly then, as may be,
" Faint heart, you know, ne'er won fair lady :
" What tho' a while we fare but hardly,
" Yet in the end does our reward lie :
" We ſhall have houſes, lands, and doxies,
" With dainty patches where no p-- is :
" And then all this, that ſeems t' undo us,
" Will be but ſport and paſtime to us."

† Thus did the ſubtle fornicator
Set a good face on a bad matter :
As who ſhould make 'em underſtand
How pretty a fellow he was on's hand,
When I (for all's brave alls) muſt tell ye,
His heart then panted in his belly.

‡ Down glides his ale over his palate,
As glib as't had been oil of ſallet :
And all the reſt in their due order,
Quaff'd till their drink would go no further.

---

* *O ſocii, (neque enim ignari ſumus ante malorum)*
O paſſi graviora ; dabit deus his quoque finem.
Vos & Scyllæam *rabiem, penitúſque ſonantes*
Accéſſis ſcopulos ; vos & Cyclopea *ſaxa*
Experti. || Revocate animos, mœſtúmque timorem
Mittite. forſan et hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.
Per varios caſus, per tot diſcrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Latium *; ſedes ubi fata quietas*
Oſtendunt.
† *Talia voce refert : curiſque ingentibus æger,*
Spem vultu ſimulat, premit altum corde dolorem.
‡ *Impléntur veteris* Bacchi, *pinguiſque ferinæ.*

* Now

* Now having spent their drink and victles,
They rise and wipe their greasy *Thwittles*;
And, drinking them, began to mind them
Of those were left at sea behind them:
With that Æneas made a motion,
To climb the hills, and look on th' ocean,
To see the cliffs and promontories,
They might espy their fellowtories:
And that they went home this, some that way;
Some went not far, and some a great way;
Some hoop'd, some hollow'd, and some shouted,
† Some thought 'em safe, and others doubted;
Some laid their ears to ground in cunning,
To hit if they could hear them coming:
But all in vain; for none could spy them;
They call'd their friends, for none were nigh them.

At last by general approbation,
They laid them down as was the fashion,
And kept, being tir'd with pains, and feasting;
When belly's full, bones would be resting.

Asleep they lie snorting and snoring,
With such a noise they made the shore ring,
Or such a din as dogs do utter,
When they by night together clutter;
Snarling and swearing in lewd fashion,
For bitch of evil conversation:
‡ When Jove, who was, belike, at leisure,
Walking, or for his health or pleasure,

---

* *Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensæque remotæ,*
Amissos longo socios sermone requirunt,
† *Spemque metumque inter dubii, seu vivere credant,*
Sive extrema pati,——
——‡ *Cum* Jupiter *æthere summo*
Despiciens mare velivolum, terrasque jacentes,
Litoraque ——

Looki

Looking about on ev'ry ſide him,
* O' the Lybian coaſts at laſt eſpy'd them,
And ſaid in merry kind of japping,
"Indeed, Sirs, have I ta'en you napping?"
Scarce had he ſpoke, when all o' the ſudden,
Whilſt he was on the *Trojans* ſtud'ing,
Who ſhould come there to do her duty,
But *Venus* that was queen of beauty.

*This *Venus* without counterfeiting,
Was a fine laſs, his own begetting:
Thou ne'er ſaw prettier in thy life,
Although he had her not by's wife,
But by a fiſh-wench he was kind to,
And ſo ſhe came in at the window:
Now *Venus* was *Æneas'* Mother,
And him ſhe had by ſuch another
Royſter as *Jove* was, when on groundſel
He firk'd her mother's privy-counſel:
In the behalf then of her by-blow,
Who had endured many a dry blow,
† She weeping came, ſighing and throbbing,
And hardly could ſhe ſpeak for ſobbing:
Until at laſt, with a fine linen,
Wrought round with blue, of her own ſpinning,
Wiping her face from tears and ſnivel,
She thus began in words moſt civil:

* See Servius upon Virgil.

——— * *Et* Libyæ *deſixit lumina regnis.*
† *Atque illum tales jactantem pectore curas,*
Triſtior, & lachrymis oculos ſuffuſas nitentes,
Alloquitur Venus: ———

* O thou

* " O thou, of Gods and men, the king,
" That can'ſt do any kind of thing ;
" That paſt their wits doſt mortals frighten :
" When thou or thunder doſt, or lighten ;
" What could *Æneas* do to thee ?
" Who car'ſt a f--t for nobody :

† " Or the poor *Trojans*, what have they done,
" That thus they ſtill muſt fools be made on ?
" And that thou wilt for no perſuaſion
" Let them go follow their occaſions ?

‡ " I'm ſure you promis'd me, and ſwore to it,
" (Ev'n let who can forgive you for it)
" That you would make 'em, this, and that,
" Kings, captains, and I know not what ;
" And that out of your bounteous givings,
" They ſhould have all both lands and livings,
" And all live well in *Italy* :
" But I perceive 'twas all a lye."

|| *Jove* ſtroking up his great muſtachoes,
Smil'd for to ſee her ſo courageous ;
For had ſhe broke a pot or platter,
He could not well be angry at her,

---

* *O, qui res hominumque deûmque*
Æternis regis imperii, & fulmine terres,
† *Quid* Troës *potûere, quibus, tot funera paſſis*
Cunctus ob Italiam *terrarum clauditur orbis ?*
‡ *Certè, hinc* Romanos *olim, volventibus annis,*
Hinc fore ductores, revocato à ſanguine Teucri,
Qui mare, qui terras omni ditione tenerent,
Pollicitus. Quæ te, Genitor, ſententia vertit ?
|| *Olli ſubridens hominum ſator atque deorum,*

He

He lov'd her ſo, which is too common,
Either in man, or elſe in woman;
Their baſtards they will clip and kiſs ye,
More dearly than their lawful iſſue.

* *Jove* looking then moſt ſweetly at her
(For ſhe had made his mouth to water)
Took *Venus* by the chin and gave her
A kiſs of a laſcivious flavour.

" †My pretty wench (quoth he) I prithee,
" Let's have no more ſuch puling with thee:
" All ſhall be well enough, ne'er fear it,
" And by my beard once more I ſwear it,
" Thy ſon *Æneas*, thou doſt doubt ſo,
" Which makes thee whimper, cry, and pout ſo,
" Shall be a king, a prince at leaſt;
" I ſpeak in earneſt, not in jeſt."

With that he whiſtled out moſt mainly,
You might have heard his fiſt as plainly,
From one ſide of the ſky to th' other,
As you and I hear one another.
Thrice whiſtled he, when by and by,
Out came his foot-boy *Mercury*,
And aſk'd him without more ado,
What 'twas he whiſtled for, and who?

This *Merc'ry*, you muſt underſtand Sir,
Had formerly been a rope-dancer:

---

* *Valtu, quo Cœlum tempeſtatèſque ſerenat,*
Oſcula libavit natæ; dehinc talia fatur:
† *Parce metu*, Cytherea; *manent immota tuorum*
Fata tibi. Cernes urbem et promiſſa Lavini
Mœnia, ſublimémque feres ad ſidera cœli
Magnanimum Æneam, ——

A nimble raſcal and a dapper,
Full deftly could he cut a caper,
*Dance, run, leap, friſk, and curvet,
Tumble, and do the *Somerſet* ;
And fly with artificial wings,
Ty'd to his head and heels with ſtrings
'Twas he firſt taught to fly i' the air,
As we have ſeen at *Bartle* fair ;
A nimble witty knave I warrant,
And one that well could ſay his errant :
An ex'lent ſervant in plain dealing,
But that he was inclin'd to ſtealing.
" †Sirrah," (quoth *Jove*) " go take your pumps,
" And haſte to *Carthage*, ſtir your ſtumps,
" And as thou art a cunning prater,
" Play me the fine inſinuater :
" *Dido* and all her *Carthaginians*
" Poſſeſs throughout with kind opinions,
" Of the poor *Trojans*, left queen *Dido*,
" Not knowing things ſo well as I do,
" Should ſhew 'em all a trick of *paſs-paſs*,
" And chance t' indict 'em for a treſpaſs."
Away he flies *ſans* further ſpeech,
As he had had a ſquib in's breech ;
And ſuddenly without diſcerning,
‡Set all the *Tyrians* bowels yearning ;

*See Plaut. in Amphytr.

---

†*Hæc ait* & Majâ *genitum demittit ab alto ;*
Ut terræ, útque novæ pateant Carthaginis *arces*
Hoſpitio Teucris ; *ne fati neſcia* Dido
Finibus arceret. Volat ille per aêra magnum
Remigio alarum ; & Libyæ *citus adſtitit oris.*
——————‡ *Ponúntque ferocia* Pœni
Corda, volente Deo ; in primis Regina *quietum*
Accipit in Teucros *animum, mentémque benignam.*

Dido

Dido, for her part, ſwore a *Trojan*
Should do the feat for her, or no man,
Mean while the *Trojan* ſlept at eaſe,
Unleſs ſometimes bit by white fleas,
Their ſoft repoſe in quiet taking,
*Only *Æneas* he was waking;
Who whilſt the night was dark and o'ercaſt,
Like one thathad an ex'lent forecaſt,
Lay thinking now his guts grew limber,
How they might get more *belly-timber*:
No ſooner the light firſt came creeping,
But that he cry'd, "Ah fool, art peeping?"
And up he ſtarts to go a ſtealing,
Either a mutt'ning or a vealing;
And yet he thought, being a ſtranger,
To go alone might be ſome danger;
†Therefore he deem'd it not amiſs
To call a truſty friend of his;
And that he might go on the bolder,
He laid a two-hand bat on's ſhoulder.
Thus going then abroad for food,
‡He meets his mother in a wood;
So ſnug ſhe was, and ſo array'd,
He took his mother for a maid:
A great miſtake in her whoſe b[illegible]
So oft had been god *Mars*'s drum.

**At pius Æneas, per noctem plurima volvens,*
Ut primùm lux alma data eſt,——
——†*Ipſe uno graditur comitatus* Achate,
Bina manu lato criſpans haſtilia ferro.
‡*Cui mater mediâ ſeſe tulit obvia ſylvâ,*
Virginis os habitumque gerens,——

When oft, full oft, the luſty drum-ſtick,
Breaking quite through, would in her b— ſtick,
Full oft when *Smng* was blowing bellows,
Would ſhe be trucking with good fellows;
And let herſelf be chuck'd as tamely,
As if therein there did no blame lie,
By *Mars*, and many a one beſide,
Or elſe ſhe foully is belied.

" *Well met, young men, quoth *Venus* kindly,
" As you came through the woods behind ye,
" Pray did you not, for all your haſte, note
" A laſs in petticoat and waiſtcoat;
" With ſuch a pelt as mine thrown o'er her,
" Driving a ſow and pig before her?"

" †No truly, (quoth *Æneas* mild)
" I ſaw nor man, woman or child;
" Yet, though I ſay't, had I been nigh her,
" I could, as ſoon as others, ſpy her:
" But who art thou that ſpeak'ſt ſo ſhrill,
" As if thy words came through a quill?
" Thou art of gentle kindred ſurely,
" Thou look'ſt and ſpeakeſt ſo demurely:
" ‡Therefore good miſtreſs, or good lady,
" I do beſeech you, if it may be,

———*Heus, inquit, juvenes, monſtrate mearum
*Vidiſtis ſi quam hîc errantem fortè ſororum,
*Succinctam pharetrâ, & maculoſæ tegmine lyncis,
*Aut ſpumantis apri, curſum clamore prementem.
——— †*Veneris contra ſic filius orſus:
*Nulla tuarum audita mihi, neque viſa ſororum
*O (quam te memorem!) virgo: namque haud tibi vultus
*Mortalis, nec vox hominem ſonat. O dea, certe:
*An Phœbi ſoror, an nympharum ſanguinis una!

To

" To put us out of fear of dangers,
" *Tell where we are, for we are ſtrangers?"

†*Venus*, at that wriggling and mumping,
Cries " pray youug man leave off your frumping,
" For until now I've met with no man,
" E'er took me for a gentlewoman;
" She that I aſk for is my ſiſter,
" I wonder how the —— you miſs'd her!
" We were this morning ſent in haſte
" To fetch a ſow that lies at maſt.

" ‡Yon town was built by one *Agenor*,
" The land's ſo good it needs no *Meanor*:

" ‖One *Dido* now is queen on't who
" Ran hither a good while ago:
" She is a queen of gentle bearing,
" Whoſe ſtory will be worth the hearing:
" **But ſhould I tell it all out-right,
" I think t'would laſt a winter's night.
" ††Therefore in ſhort, this ſame queen *Dido*,
" Who now alas! is left a widow!
" Had one *Sichæus* to her *honey*,
" A wealthy man in land and money;
" |||Whom one *Pygmaleon*, unawares,
" Kill'd as he was ſaying his prayers;

——*Quo ſub cælo tandem, quibus orbis in oris
Jactemur, doceas.* ——
†*Tunc* Venus: *Haud equidem tali me dignor honore.*
‡*Punica regna vides*, Tyrios, *et* Agenoris *urbem*:
‖*Imperium* Dido *Tyriâ regit urbe profectâ*,
——**Longa eſt injuria, longæ
Ambages; ſed ſumma ſequar faſtigia rerum.
††*Huic conjux* Sichæus *erat ditiſſimus agri*
——‖*Ille* Sichæum,
*Impius ante aras, atque auri cæcus amore,
Clam ferro incautum ſuperat,* ——

Only for lucre of his pelf,
Which he had thought t'have had himſelf,
*And fob'd queen *Dido* off ſome ſeaſon,
(Who cry'd and blubber'd out of reaſon)
By telling her a flim-flam prattle,
That he was gone to buy ſome cattle;
But on a time, as without doubt,
Murder at ſome odd time will out:
One night as ſhe did ſleep and ſnore,
As ſhe had never ſlept before,
†Into her chamber, doors unlocking,
Comes me her huſband without knocking.
A link he in his hand did brandiſh,
His face was paler than your band is;
Nearer he came, and would have kiſs'd her,
At which ſhe well nigh had bep——d her,
But being a ghoſt of civil faſhion,
He gave her *words of conſolation.*

Quoth he, " I murder'd am, my jewel,
" By ways moſt barbarous and cruel:
" And for to ſhew I tell no fibs,
" ‡Look what a hole here's in my ribs.
" And if thou ſtay'ſt that rogue Pygmalion
" Intends to uſe the like a ſtallion:
" ||Therefore begone thou and thy meany,
" But leave the raſcal ne'er a penny

——* *& agram,*
Multa malus ſimulans, vanâ ſpe luſit amantem.
†*Ipſa ſed in ſomnis inhumati venit imago*
Conjugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris:
——‡*Trajectáque pectora ferro*
Nudavit, ——
||*Tùm celerare fugam, patriâque excedere ſuadet,*
Auxiliùmque viæ veteres tellure recludit
Theſauros, ignotum argenti pondus & auri.

To

" To bleſs himſelf: it lies each farthing,
" In an old butter-pot i'th' garden."

*Dido at this riſes up early,
And with her ſervants very fairly,
Not caring for *Pygmalion's* curſes,
Steals all his money-bags and purſes;
And in a boat prepar'd o'the nonce,
Ship'd all his goods away at once,
And got off ſafe, whilſt all this geer
Was order'd by a *Waiſtcoateer*.

†At laſt ſhe came with all her people,
To yonder town with a ſpire and ſteeple,
And bought as much good feeding ground for
Five marks, as ſome would give five pounds for;
Where now ſhe lives a huſwife wary,
Has her ground ſtock'd, and keeps a dairy:
" ‡And now young men, I pray ye ſhew me
" Whence do ye come, or whither go ye?"

‖This being ſaid, our luſty ſwabber
Groan'd like a woman in her labour,

**His commota, fugam* Dido *ſociòſque parabat.*
Conveniunt, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni,
Aut metus acer erat: naves, quæ forte paratæ,
Corripiunt, oneràntque auro; portantur avari
Pymalionis *opes pelago; dux fœmina facti.*
†*Devenére locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes*
Mœnia, ſurgentèmque novæ Carthaginis arcem,
Mercatíque ſolum, facti de nomine Byrſam,
Taurino quantùm poſſent circundare tergo.
‡*Sed vos qui tandem? quibus aut veniſtis ab ori,*
Quóve tenetis iter? ‖*Quæærenti talibus ille*
Suſpirans, imôque trahens à pectore vocem:
O Dea, ſi primâ repetens ab origine pergam,
Et vacet annales noſtrorum audire laborum;
Antè diem clauſo componet veſper Olympo.

And

And looking ruefully upon her,
" Oh! dame, quoth he, brim full of honour,
" Should I begin my ſtory ſpinning
" From the firſt end to the laſt, beginning,
" I doubt to finiſh, we ſhould miſs time,
" For it would laſt till t'morrow this time.

" ‖We *Trojans* are of *Troy-town* race,
" (If e'er you heard of ſuch a place;)
" *And I *Æneas* fam'd in fight;
" But much more for a carpet knight:
" Who bring along our country Gods,
" A company of ſmoaky toads,
" Catch'd out o' the fire from the *Greek*,
" When all the town was of a reek;
" And can derive my pedigree,
" (Although I ſay't) with any he,
" That is perhaps fuller of pride,
" Eſpecially by th' mother's ſide.
" Did my fame never hither come?
" I'm talk'd of far and near at home;
" To tell you truly as a friend,
" §For *Italy* we do intend,
" And put to ſea in paltry weather,
" ‡With twenty pairs of oars together:

‖*Nos* Trojà *antiquâ (ſi veſtras fortè per aures*
Trojæ *nomen iit)* ———
**Sum pius* Æneas, *raptos quì ex hoſte penates*
Claſſe veho mecum.———
†Italiam *quæro patriam: et genus ab* Jove *ſummo.*
‡*Bis denis* Phrygium *conſcendi navibus æquor,*
Matre deâ monſtrante viam, data fata ſecutus:
Vix ſeptem convulſæ undis Euròque ſuperſunt.

Of

" Of which there hardly are left ſeven,
" Which put into the ſhore laſt even."

*Venus the while Æneas eyeing,
And ſeeing he could ſcarce hold crying;
Thus cut him off in courteous faſhion,
I'th' midſt on's pitiful relation:
" †Whoe'er thou art, take heart I ſay,
" *Rome* was not built all on a day;
" And tho' you've ſuffer'd ſome diſaſters,
" Yet let me tell you this, my maſters,
" 'Tis a good ſign that thoſe Gods love ye,
" For all your haſte, that hither drove ye:
" You might have walk'd your pumps to pieces,
" Ere light on ſuch a place as this is."

" ‡Go to the Queen now out of hand,
" And ſhew her how your matters ſtand:
" She'll make you welcome for her part:
" She loves tall fellows in her heart;
" ||There on my honeſt word you'll meet
" Your loſt companions, I foreſee't;
" And have all things that you could wiſh,
" Or ſurely I was taught amiſs:
" **(And I a Father had, could make
" In time of need, an almanack)

---

*Nec plura querentem
Paſſa Venus: medio ſic interfata dolore eſt:
†Quiſquis es, haud, credo, inviſus cæleſtibus auras
Vitale: carpis, Tyriam qui adveneris urbem.
‡Perge modô, atque hinc te reginæ ad limina perfer.
||Namque tibi reduces ſocios claſſemque relatam
Nuncio, ———
**Ni fruſtrá argurium vani docuêre parentes.

" Chear up your hearts, your ſpirits rally,
" And ne'er ſtand fooling ſhall I, ſhall I,
" But budge, jog on, beſtir your toes,
" *There lies your way, follow your noſe."

†With that ſhe turn'd to go away,
And did her freckl'd neck diſplay;
By which and by a certain whiff
Came from her arm-pits, or her cliff,
And a fine hobble in her pace,
Æneas knew his mother's grace:

" ‡Mother, quoth he, why doſt thou run thus?
" And with thy *mumming* cheat thy ſon thus?
" Why may we not ſhake one another
" By th' hand, and talk like ſon and mother?
" Oh think upon our woeful caſes,
" Whilſt thus we wander in ſtrange places."

‖But ſhe was gone, for when ſhe liſt,
She foiſt away could in a miſt;
Nor could ſhe tarry, to ſay truly,
For ſhe had made a promiſe newly,
*To meet a friend of her's to dally,
In a blind ſtreet they call *Ram-alley*.

**Perge modo, & quâ te ducit via, dirige greſſum.*
†*Dixit; & avertens roſeâ cervice refulſit;*
Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravëre; pedes veſtis defluxit ad imos;
Et vera inceſſu patuit Dea. Ille, ubi matrem
Agnovit, tali fugientum eſt voce ſecutus:
‡*Quid natum toties crudelis tu quoquë falſis*
Ludis imaginibus? cur dextræ jungere dextram
Non datur, ac veras audire & reddere voces?
‖*At* Venus *obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit,*
Et multo nebulæ circûm Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere poſſet,
Molirive moram, ———
**Iſa* Paphum *ſublimis abit,* ——— *Æne*

Æneas then began to find,
That there was ſomething in the wind;
And ſaid my mother's a mad ſhaver?
No man alive knows where to have her?
But I'd as live as half a crown
We two could walk ſo into the town.

Venus heard what he ſaid for ſhe
Could hear as far as we can ſee?
And in a moment to befriend 'em
Two cloaks inviſible did lend 'em.

Thus cloak'd their knavery to ſhelter,
*Away they trudge it helter ſkelter,
Until *Æneas* and his friend
Safely arriv'd at the towns end.

†*Æneas* ſtar'd about and wonder'd,
To ſee of houſes a whole hundred;
But when he ſaw the folks were there,
He thought it had been *Carthage*-fair,

‡The town was full all in a pother,
Some doing one thing ſome another,
Some digging were ſome making mortar,
Some hewing ſtones in ſuch a quarter:
For they were all as ſtory tells,
Building or doing ſomething elſe:
||And to be ſhort all that he ſees,
Were working buſily as bees.

---

*Coripuere viam interea, quà ſemita monſtrat.
Jàmque aſcendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
Imminet adverſaſque aſpectat deſuper arces.
†Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam:
‡Inſtant ardentes Tyrii; pars ducere muros,
Molirique arcem, & manibus ſubvolvere ſaxa:
Pars aptare locum tecto, & concludere ſulco.
||Qualis apes æſtate novâ per florea rura
Exercet ſub ſole labor, ——

*I' the

*I'the middle of the town there ſtood
A goodly *elm* o'ergrown with wood:
And under that were ſtocks moſt duly,
To lock them faſt, that were unruly:
There ſat them down to eaſe their travel,
Picking their ſweaty toes from gravel,
And look'd about as they lay lurking,
†To ſee the buſy *Tyrians* working:
But none could ſee them for their ſpell,
They were ſo hid, they might as well,
Tho' they had been ever ſo nigh them,
See through a double door, as ſpy them.
Near ſtood the church, a pretty building,
Plain as a pike-ſtaff without gilding;
I cannot liken any to it,
Unleſs't be *Pancras*, if you know it.

†This church Queen *Dido*, 'tis related,
Built, and to *Juno* dedicated,
And was beholden unto none,
But built it all, both ſtick and ſtone,
At her own proper coſt and charges;
No church i' the country near ſo large is:
It was well laid with lime and mortar;
For ſo the workmen did exhort her,
Becauſe it would be ſo much ſtronger,
And ſo, you know, would laſt the longer:

---

*_Lucus in urbe fuit mediâ, lætiſſimus umbræ:_
‡_Infert ſe ſeptus nebulâ, mirabile dictu,_
Per medios, miſcêtque viris; neque cernitur ulli.
‡_Hic Templum_ Junoni _ingens Sidonia_ Dido
Condebat, ——

It had a door peg'd with a pin,
To ſhut folks out, or let folks in,
And in a pretty wooden ſteeple,
A low bell hung to call the people.
Æneas and his friend went thither,
Seeing ſo many folks together,
Whoſe miſty cloaks ſo well did hide them
That in they went, and no one ſpy'd them.
* But then they wonder'd to behold
The images ſo manifold,
That ſtaring ſtood in ſundry places,
As if they would fly in their faces;
" Then" quoth *Æneas* to's comrade,
" This fellow maſter was on's trade,
" That pictur'd theſe: look, look, as I am
" An honeſt man, yonder's our *Priam*;
" See where he ſtands in ſilk and ſattin,
" As he could ſpeak both Greek and Latin
" Whoop, yonder's *Hector* and *Troilus*.
" Look thee, how there the *Grecians* foil us;
" † And there our truſty *Trojans* do
" Bang them, and pay them *quid* for *quo*.
" Yonder *Achilles* gives a rap,
" With his cock-feather in his cap,

---

* *Artificumque manus inter ſe operumque laborem*
Miratur; videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas,
Bellaque jam famâ totum vulgata per orbem;
Atridas, Priamúmque, & ſævum ambobus Achillem.
Conſtitit, & lacrhymans: Quis jam locus (inquit) Achate,
Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?
—— † *videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum*
Hac fugerent Graii, *premeret* Trojana *juventus:*
Hac Phryges; inſtaret curru criſtatus Achilles

And

" And yonder's one for all's bravado,
" Knocks him with luſty baſtinado.
" How came theſe here to be pictur'd thus?
" Sure all the world has heard of us."

* Whilſt thus *Æneas* ſad and muddy
Stood muſing in a dark-brown ſtudy,
In comes Queen *Dido*, that fair lady,
In apron white, as on a *May day*:
A crew of royſters waited on her,
Which there were call'd her men of honour:
All clad in fair blue coats and badges,
To whom Queen *Dido* paid good wages.

‡ Ev'n as a proper woman ſhows,
When into wake or fair ſhe goes,
Clad in her beſt apparel, ſo
Queen *Dido* all this time did ſhow,
And was ſo brave a buxom laſs,
That ſhe did all the town ſurpaſs.
Into the midſt o'th' church ſhe marches,
And there betwixt a pair of arches,
Upon a ſtool ſet for the nonce,
She went to reſt her marrow-bones,
And on a cuſhion ſtuff'd with flocks
She clapp'd her dainty pair of docks.

---

* *Hæc dum* Dardanio Aeneæ *miranda videntur,*
Dum ſtupet, obtutuque hæret defixus in uno:
Regina ad templum formâ pulcherrima Dido
Inceſſit, magna juvenum ſtipante catervâ.
† *Qualis in* Eurotæ *ripis, aut per juga* Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille ſecutæ
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradiénſque Deas ſupereminet omnes.

* There

* There *Dido* ſat in ſtate each day,
To hear what any one would ſay;
Some to rebuke, and for to ſmooth ſome,
And give out laws wholſome or toothſome;
To puniſh ſuch as had inſolence,
And make them good *Nolens* or *Volens*:
And there likewiſe each morning-tide.
She did the young men's taſk divide;
Wherein great policy did lurk,
Each knew his job of journey-work,
And fell about it without jangling;
But that which kept them moſt from wrangling,
Was that they ſtill drew cuts to know,
Whether they would work hard or no:
And who had the longeſt cut and th' beſt,
Had ſtill more work than all the reſt.

†Here whilſt *Æneas* ſqueez'd and thruſt is,
To ſee Queen *Dido* doing juſtice:
Who ſhould he but his fellows ſpy,
Got into *Dido's* company:
There *Antheus* was (no mortal fiercer)
And one *Sergeſtus* too, a mercer,
With other *Trojans* that would vapour,
Cloanthus too, the woollen-draper,
All which and forty *Trojans* more.
Were wonderfully got on ſhore,

---

* *Tùm foribus Divæ, mediâ teſtudine templi,*
Septa armis, ſolióque altè ſubnixa reſedit;
Jura dabat, legeſque viris, operumque laborem
Partibus æquabat juſtis, aut ſorte trahebat.
† *Cùm ſubito Æneas concurſu accedere magno*
Anthea Sergeſtumque videt, fortemque Cloanthum,
Teucrorumque alios; ater quos æquore turbo
Diſpulerat, penitúſque alias advexerat oras.

* As

* At this *Æneas* and his friend
Were e'n almoſt at their wits end;
" Z'lid, *Jove* forgive me that I ſwear,"
Quoth he, " howthink'ſt, how came they here ?"
" Nay," quoth the other " preſently,
" *Æneas*, what a pox know I ?"
† *Æneas* was ſo glad on's kin,
He was ready to leap out on's ſkin;
And ſo was the t'other, for in ſadneſs,
They were e'en mad 'twixt fear and gladneſs.
But yet it ſeems they were ſo wiſe
To keep them ſafe in their diſguiſe,
Until their friends had try'd th' opinions
Of the kind-hearted *Carthaginians*.
‡ At laſt they ſaw one *Ilioneus*,
A *Trojân* very ceremonious:
A youth of very fine condition,
A very pretty rhetorician;
One that could write and read, and had
Been bred at free-ſchool from a lad;
Thruſt up to *Dido* in good faſhion,
And thus begins his fine oration.
" ‖O *Queen*, who here haſt built a village,
" And keep'ſt thy ground in hearty tillage,

---

* *Obſtupuit ſimul ipſe, ſimul perculſas Achates,*
† *Lætitiâque metûque, avidi conjungere dextras*
Ardebant; ſed res animos incognita turbat.
Diſſimulant, & nube cavâ ſpeculantur amicti,
Quæ fortuna viris;——————
‡ *Poſtquam introgreſſi, & coram data copia fandi,*
Maximus Ilioneus placido ſic pectore cæpit:
‖ *O Regina, novam cui condere Jupiter urbem,*
Juſtitiâque dedit gentes frænare ſuperbas;
Troës te miſeri, ventis maria omnia vecti,
Oramus; prohibe infandos à navibus ignes:
Parce pio generi, & propius res aſpice noſtras. O thou

" O thou who haſt the royal ſcience,
" To govern men as well as lions,
" Behold us here, who look like men
" New eaten and ſpew'd up again:
" So ſpitefully has fortune croſt us,
" So woefully the ſeas have toſt us.
" A few poor *Trojans* here you ſee,
" Even as poor as poor may be;
" Thrown on the ſhore by wind and weather,
" Ill luck, the Devil, and all together;
" And humbly do beſeech your grace
" To pity our moſt woeful caſe.
" Your men are all in hurly-burly,
" And look upon us grim and ſurly;
" So that if you be not good to us
" They'll burn our boats, and quite undo us:
" Therefore we pray ſend ſome one,
" To bid them let our boats alone.

" †Alas, we come not to purloin
" Either your cattle or your coin,
" Neither to filch linen or woollen,
" Nor yet to ſteal away your pullen;
" W'have no ſuch knaviſh ends as theſe,
" But only to beg bread and cheeſe.
" *We were hard rowing to a place,
" A hardiſh kind of name it was,

---

† *Non nos aut ferro Lybicos populare Penates*
Venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere prædas:
Non ea vis animo, nec tanta ſuperbia victis.
* *Eſt locus (Heſperiam Graji cognomine dicunt)*
Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere glebæ;
Oenotrii coluêre viri: nunc fama, minores
Italiam dixiſſe, ducis de nomine, gentem.
Hæc curſus fuit:

Where

" Where once your what ſhall's call'um's (rot 'em,
" It makes me mad I have forgot 'em)
" Liv'd a great while; but now d'ye ſee,
" 'Tis known by the name of *Italy*:

" *When on a ſudden one *Orion*,
" Powder'd upon us like a lion,
" And ſquander'd us on flats and ſhelves,
" Enough to make us drown ourſelves;
" So that of ſixſcore men, and deft ones,
" Even here, O Queen, are all that's left on's.
" †Then what ſhould ail your *Tyrians* thus
" To ſcowl and look aſkew at us?
" O where the Devil were they bred?
" Sure ranker Clowns ne'er liv'd by bread!
" And for to tell your grace my thought,
" I think they're better fed than taught;
" For (as I am an honeſt man,
" Let 'em deny it if they can)
" ‡No ſooner landed we to bait us,
" But that the rogues threw cow-dung at us:
" But, *Queen*, I hope, thoul't teach the wretches
" Henceforth to meddle with their matches.

---

* *Cum ſubitò aſſurgens fluctu nimboſus Orion*
In vada cæca tulit, penitúſque procacibus auſtris,
Pérque undas, ſuperante ſalo, pérque invia ſaxa
Diſpulit. Huc pauci veſtris adnavimus oris.

† *Quod genus hoc hominum quæve hunc tam barbara morem*
Permittit patria? ‡ Hoſpitio prohibemur arenæ:
Bella cient, primâque vetant conſiſtere terrâ.

Æneas

" *Æneas once did us command,
" A taller fellow of his hand,
" Nor honeſter, ne'er did, or ſhall,
" Draw up a trapſtick to a wall.
" If he but live, and that already
" He be not drowned in ſome eddy,
" You of your coſt will ne'er repent you,
" For to a penny he'll content you.
" †Look then o'th' *Trojans* and befriend 'em,
" Let's draw our boats aſhore and mend 'em,
" We'll promiſe you that if we meet
" Our captain with the reſt o'th' fleet,
" And if he be not turn'd t' a gudgeon,
" We towards *Italy* will trudge on:
" ‡And if that he ſhall ſtill be lacking,
" Then back again we'll ſtraight be packing."

‖ *Dido*, like woman of good faſhion,
Gave ſpecial heed to his relation,

---

* *Rex erat Æneas nobis, quo juſtior alter*
Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major & armis;
Quem ſi fata virum ſervant, ſi veſcitur aurâ
Æthereâ, neque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris,
Non metus, officio nec te certâſſe priorem
Pœniteat. ——————

† *Quaſſatam ventis liceat ſubducere claſſem,*
Et ſylvis aptare trabes, & ſtringere remos.
Si datur Italiam, ſociis & rege recepto,
Tendere, ut Italiam læti Latiumque petamus:

‡ *Sin abſumpta ſalus, & te, pater optime Teucrûm,*
Pontus habet Lybiæ, nec ſpes jam reſtat Iüli:
At freta Sicaniæ ſaltem, ſedeſque paratas,
Unde huc advecti, regémque petamus Aceſten.

‖ *Tum breviter* Dido, *vultum demiſſa, profatur:*
Solvite corde metum, Teucri, ſecludite curas.
Res dura, & Regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri, ——————

And

And all the while he did relate it,
Mump'd like a bride that would be at it.
At laſt when he had told his tale,
Mantling like mare in martingale,
She thus reply'd, "*Trojans* be cheery,
" Pluck up your hearts, and reſt you merry,
" Our town folks here are ſomething wary,
" Not that they any ill will bear ye;
" For they are very honeſt fellows,
" But that of late a chance befel us:
" To tell you true the, other day,
" When all my folks were gone to th' hay,
" A luſty raſcal, ſuch a one
" As one of you (diſpraiſe to none)
" Comes into th' yard and off the hedge,
" Where all our cloaths were hung to bleach,
" Whips off a Brand-new flaxen ſmock,
" The very beſt of all my ſtock;
" And runs away with't in a trice:
" (It had not been on my back twice:)
" But you, I know, ſuch baſeneſs ſcorn,
" You all are men, well bred and born.
" *Who has not heard o'the *Trojan* people,
" And of *Æneas* and his ſwimple?
" Nor ſhall you find us dames of *Tyre*,
" So far remov'd from *Phœbus*' fire,
" But we can cheriſh luſty yeomen,
" And carry toys like other women.

---

* *Quis genus Æneadûm, quis Trojæ neſciat urbem?*
Virtutéſque, viróſque, & tanti incendia belli?
Non obtuſa adeò geſtamus pectora Pœni;
Nec tam averſus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.

† Therefore

" ††Therefore you, ſhall whether you go
" Straight on to *Italy*, or no;
" Or whether you row on the main,
" To your own pariſh back again;
" Have what you want, nor will I dun ye,
" But pay me, when you can get money:
" *But if you tarry here, this town
" That I now build ſhall be your own;
" And be as free you *Trojans* ſhall,
As any *Tyrian* of them all.
" A man's a man, as I have read,
" Though he has but a noſe on's head:
" †And I could wiſh that the ſame weather
" That blew your tatter'd ſcullers hither,
" Would blow *Æneas* hither too,
" And then there were no more to do.
" ‡But i'll ſend out my men; who knows
" But he may now be picking ſloes
" In our town-woods, or getting nuts,
" For very need to fill his guts?"
|| *Æneas* in his miſty cloak,
Heard every word Queen *Dido* ſpoke.

---

† *Seu vos Heſperiom magnam, Saturniaque arva,*
Sive Erycis fines, regemque optatis Aceſtem,
Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibuſque juvabo.
* *Vultis & his mecum pariter conſidere regnis?*
Urbem quam ſtatuo, veſtra eſt, ſubducite naves.
Tros Tyriuſque mihi nullo diſcrimine agetur.
† *Atque utina Rex ipſen oto compulſus eodem*
Afforet Æneas!——————
——————‡ *Per litora certos*
Dimittam, & Libyæ luſtrare extrema jubebo;
Si quibus ejectus ſylvis aut urbibus errat.
|| *His animum arrecti dictis, & fortis Achates,*
Et pater Æneas. jamdudum erumpere nubem
Ardebant ——— Her

Her honey words made his mouth water,
And he e'en twitter'd to be at her:
But he was ſo o'erjoy'd, he ſtood
Like a great ſloven made of wood;
And could not ſpeak (though he was willing)
Would one have gi'n him forty ſhilling.

* At laſt his friend jog'd him with's hand,
" How like a loger-head you ſtand!"
Quoth he, " for certainly I think
" Thou'rt either mad or in thy drink:
" Doſt thou not ſee our friends all round,
" Excepting one whom we ſaw drown'd;
" And all as well as heart can wiſh,
" And yet thou ſtand'ſt as mute as fiſh!

† Scarce had he ſpoke, but off he threw
His mantle made of miſts ſo blue,
And ſtood as plainly to be ſeen
As any there, *God bleſs the Queen.*

‡ For's mother had ſo dizen'd him,
That he ſhould ſhew both neat and trim;
Tho' (truly!) he was but an odd man,
Splay-mouth'd, crump-ſhoulder'd, like the god *Pan*:
Yet could he not i'th' nick invent
Her majeſty a compliment:

---

* ——*Prior Æneam compellat Achates:*
Nate Deâ, quæ nunc animo ſententia ſurgit?
Omnia tuta vides; claſſem ſociósque receptos.
Unus abeſt, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipſi
Submerſum:——

† *Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfuſa repentè*
Scindit ſe nubes, & in æthera purgat apertum:
Reſtitit Æneas, claraque in luce refulſit,

‡ *Os humeróſque Deo ſimilis; namque ipſa decoram*
Cæſariem nato genitrix, luménque juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores.

But ſcratch his head and 'gan to ſputter,
His elbow rub'd, and kept a clutter,
Moping and mowing till at laſt,
All difficulties over-paſt,
† In courtly phraſe he thus came out:
" Madam" (quoth he) " your humble trout:
" That ſame Æneas whom you priſe thus,
" Is here without *deceptio viſus*:
" I that ſame very man am here,
" And come to taſte of your good cheer;
" †O *Dido*, primroſe of perfection,
" Who only granteſt kind protection
" To wand'ring *Trojans*, how ſhall we
" E'er pay thee for this courteſy!
" We never can, my dainty friend,
" Then let *Jove* do't and there's an end."

‡ Thus having ended this fine ſpeech,
Towards the Queen he turn'd his breech;
And ſpoke to's men, ſays, " lads, how is't?
" Come, give me every one a fiſt;

---

* *Tum ſic Reginam alloquitur, cunctiſque repente*
Improviſus ait; Coràm, quem quæritis, adſum
Troïus Æneas, ——————
† *O ſola infandos Trojæ miſerata labores!*
Quæ nos, relliquias Danaüm, terræque marîſque
Omnibus exhauſtos jam caſibus omnium egenos,
Urbe, domo, ſocias. Grates perſolvere dignas
Non opis eſt noſtræ, Dido; *nec quicquid ubique eſt*
Gentis Dardaniæ, magnumquæ ſparſa per orbem.
Di tibi (ſi qua pios reſpectant numina, ſi quid
Uſquam juſtitiæ eſt, et menſibi conſcia recti)
Præmia digna ferant. ——————
‡ *Sic fatus, amicum*
Ilionea petit dextrâ, lævâque Sereſtum;
Poſt, alios, fortémque Gyan, fortémque Cloanthum.

How

" How doſt thou, *Guy*, and Sirs, how d'ye?
" Now by my troth, I'm glad to ſee ye;
" 'Tis better being here I trow,
" Than where we were a while ago,
" No longer ſince than yeſterday;
" Welcome to *Tyre* as I may ſay."
With that to ſhaking hands they fall,
And he moſt friendly ſhak'd 'em all:
Surely he was no counterfeiter,
No bandog could have ſhak'd them better.
* Queen *Dido*, raviſh'd to behold
The carriage ſweet of this ſpringold,
Star'd for a while as ſhe'd look through him:
And then thus broke her mind unto him:
" †Oh thou who art ſo finely bred,
" And come of ſuch an honeſt kindred,
" By what ſtrange luck haſt thou been hurry'd
" As if the fates would thee have worry'd!
" 'Tis ſtrange thou haſt not burſt thy hoops,
" Thou'ſt been ſo bang'd about the ſtoops.
" †Art thou *Æneas* with th' great ware
" So famous for a cudgel-player,
" Whom *Venus*, with her fine devices,
" Bore that old knocker, good *Anchiſes*?
" ‖My father *Belus* went with *Teucer*,
" (I think he had not many ſprucer)

---

* *Obſtupuit primo aſpectu Sidonia* Dido,
Caſu deinde viri tanto, & ſic ore locuta eſt:
† *Quis te, nate Deâ, per tanta pericula caſus*
inſequitur? quæ vis immanibus applicat oris?
Túne ille Æneas, quem Dardanio Anchiſæ
Alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoëntis ad undam?
Atque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona venire,
finibus expulſum patriis, nova regna petentem
auxilio Beli.

To

" To take poſſeſſion of an iſland,
" That was ſome twenty rood of dry-land.
" * And he ſtill gave great commendations
" Of Trojans 'bove all other nations;
" He could have nam'd you all by dozens,
" And told me you and he were couſins.
" † Therefore young men, to Carthage you
" Are welcome without more ado:
" I have myſelf (I'd have you know)
" Been driven to my ſhifts ere now,
" And therefore in my juriſdiction,
" Pity a beaſt that's in affliction:"
‡ With that ſhe ſtretched forth a hand
So white it made Æneas ſtand
Amaz'd to ſee't (for know that ſhe
Still waſh'd her hands in chamber-lee)
And led Æneas in kind faſhion,
Towards her grace's habitation:
And made a curtſey at the door,
And pray'd him to go in before:
But he moſt courteouſly cry'd, " no,
" I hope I'm better bred than ſo;"
But, let him ſay what he ſay could,
Dido ſwore faith and troth he ſhould:

---

* *Ipſe hoſtis Teucros inſigni laude ferebat;*
Séque ortum antiqua Teucrorum à ſtirpe volebat.
† *Quare agite, ô tectis, juvenes, ſuccedite noſtris.*
Me quoque, per multos ſimilis fortuna labores
Jactatam, hâc demum voluit conſiſtere terrâ.
Non ignara mali miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.
‡ *Sic memorat; ſimul Æneam in regia ducit*
Tecta: ———

"Well" (quoth Æneas) "I ſee ſtill
"Women and fools muſt have their will:"
And thereupon without more talking,
Enters before her proudly ſtalking.
Scarce were they got within the doors,
But Dido call'd her maids all whores,
And a great coil and ſcolding kept,
Becauſe the houſe was not clean ſwept.
* Then all in haſte away ſhe ſends
Victuals unto Æneas's friends;
Peaſe porridge, bacon, pudding ſowſe,
O' th' very beſt ſhe had i' th' houſe:
Butter and curds, and cheeſes plenty,
To fill their guts that were full empty.
Bidding them eat and never ſave it,
But call for more and they ſhould have it.
† This being done the dainty queen
Conducts the Trojans further in;
Into a parlour neat ſhe takes 'em,
And there more fairly welcome makes 'em:
She ſerv'd 'em drink and victuals up,
As long as they would eat or ſup;
Whilſt each one there ſo play'd the glutton,
That he was forced to unbutton.
No ſooner had the Trojans bold
Stuff'd their guts full as they would hold;

---

* *Nec minùs intereà ſociis ad litora mittit*
Viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum
Terga ſuum, pingues centum cum matribus agnos:
† *At domûs interior regali ſplendida luxu*
Inſtruitur; mediiſque parant convivia tectis.

But that Æneas ſtraight begun
* All to bethink him of his ſon.

† Now you muſt know that he had had
A wench, and by that wench a lad:
The laſs Creuſa had to name,
Whom (be it ſpoken to their ſhame)
The greeks, when firſt they took Troy city,
Didſt thruſt to death, without all pity:
Firſt of that ſex ſure, in fair juſting,
That ever ſuffer'd death by thruſting.

‡ His ſon Aſcanius hight, a page,
About ſome dozen years of age,
This boy Æneas ſent Achates
To "fetch" (quoth he) "ſince we feed gratis,
" Why ſhould not now my little baſtard
" (That I dare ſwear would prove no daſtard)
" Come to queen Dido's houſe, and feaſt,
" As we have done, o'th' very beſt?
" Go fetch him then, || and let him bring's
" Out of my coffer thoſe gay things
" I ſav'd at Troy; which for their fineſs
" He ſhall preſent unto her highneſs.
" There is a riding-hood and ſafe-guard
" Of yellow lace, bound with a brave-guard,

* See Servius upon Virgil.

---

† *Omnis in* Aſcanio, *chari ſtat cura parentis.*
‡ Æneas—*rapidum ad naves præmittit* Achaten:
Aſcanio *ferat hæc, ipſúmque ad mœnia ducat*
|| *Munera præterea, Iliacis erepta ruinis,*
Ferre jubet; pallam ſignis auróque rigentem,
Et circumtextum croceo velamen acantho;
Ornatus Argivæ Helenæ; *quos illa* Mycenis,
Pergama *cùm peteret, inconceſſóſque* Hymenæos,
Extulerat; ———

" Which Helen wore the very day
" That Paris ſtole her quite away.
" * Then there's a diſtaff neatly wrought,
" That Paris too for Helen bought,
" For carved works fit to be ſeen,
" Betwixt the legs of any queen.
" And then there is a fair great ruff,
" Made of a pure and coſtly ſtuff,
" To wear about her highneſs's neck,
" Like Miſs Cocaneys in the Peak:
" And laſt a quoif wrought gorgeouſly
" With tinſel and blue coventry:
" Then go as faſt as th' canſt, I pr'ythee,
" And bring him and theſe preſents with thee."

† Away goes he, as he was bidden,
Running as faſt as if he'd ridden;
But Venus that ſame cunning dam
Had yet another trick to play 'em.
‡ She had no very good opinion
Of your ſo ſmooth tongu'd Carthaginian;
Nor knew ſhe but the queen might be
As full of craft as courteſy;
|| And ſhe was ſure that Juno would
Do all the miſchief that ſhe could;

---

* *Præterèa ſceptrum*, Ilione *quod geſſerat olim*,
Maxima natarum Priami, *colloque monile*
Baccatum, & duplicem gemmis auróque coronam.
† *Hæc celerans, iter ad naves tendebat* Achates.
At Cytherea *novas artes, nova pectore verſat*
Conſilia: ——————
‡ *Quippe domum timet ambiguam* Tyriòſque *bilingues,*
|| *Urit atrox* Juno, ——————

Therefore

Therefore ſhe in all haſte did run
T' a boy call'd Cupid was her ſon.
This Cupid was a little tiny,
Cogging, lying, peeviſh ninny;
No bigger than a good point tag,
But yet a vile unhappy wag:
He ne'er would go to ſchool, but play
The truant every other day:
Run men into the breech with pins,
Throw ſtones at folks, and break their ſhins;
Kill people's hens, and ſteal their chicks,
And do a thouſand roguiſh tricks:
But with a bow the ſh—t-breech elf
Would ſhoot like Robin Hood himſelf;
And had, I warrant, ev'ry dart
Poiſon'd with ſuch a ſubtle art,
That where they hit, their pow'r was ſo,
It made folks love, would they or no;
And for this trick the hopeful youth
Was call'd, The God of Love, forſooth.

To this young 'ſquire dame Venus trotted,
As I (if you have not forgot it)
Told you before, and thus begun
To flatter up her graceleſs ſon:
" * My goldy locks" (quoth ſhe) " my joy,
" My pretty little tiny boy:
" Thy mother Venus comes to thee
" T'implore thy little Deity.

---

* *Nate, meæ vires, mea magna potentia; ſolus,*
Nate, patris ſummi, qui tela Typhoëa *temnis;*
Ad te confugio, & ſupplex tua numina poſco.

" * Thou know'ſt as well as any other,
" How Juno vile has us'd thy brother,
" Our poor Æneas; what a clatter
" She made to drown him on the water:
" Nay, ſhe would do more miſchief ſtill,
" If the curſt queen might have her will.
" † Æneas now is at a place,
" Call'd Carthage with a handſome laſs,
" Queen Dido nam'd where now he is
" Made on as much as heart can wiſh;
" ‡ But leaſt the queen ſhould change her mind,
" As weather-cocks do with the wind,
" And through Juno's wiles at laſt,
" Shew him a woman's ſlippery caſt:
" My pretty archer, let us two
" Shew the proud ſlut what we can do.
" My ſon Æneas does diſpatch
" Achatas to the wharf, to fetch
" My little grand child, who muſt come
" To ſup in Dido's dining-room.
" Now ſince that thus in ſhort the caſe is,
" And that thou canſt ſo well cut faces;

---

* *Frater ut* Æneas *pelago tuus omnia circum*
Litora jactetur, odiis Junonis *iniquæ,*
Nota tibi: ———
† *Hunc* Phœniſſa *tenet* Dido, *blandiſque moratur*
Vocibus: & *vereor, quò ſe* Junonia *vertant*
Hoſpitia! haud tanto ceſſabit cardine rerum.
‡ *Quocirca capere antè dolis,* & *cingere flammâ*
Reginam meditor, ne quo ſe numine mutet;

I wou

" * † I would have thee ſets thyPhyſ-
" Nomy in ſuch ſhape as his:
" And go along as meek and mild
" As any little ſucking child:
" When thou com'ſt there, I know the queen
" Will clap and kiſs thee cheek and chin;
" Dandle, and give thee figs and raſins,
" Then muſt thou play thy petty treaſons,
" Lick her lips, flatter her, and cog,
" And ſet her highneſs ſo o'th' gog,
" That fame and honour ſhe may go by,
" And let Æneas firk her toby.
" ‡ This is my plot, and, that naught croſs it,
" I'll make the child a ſleeping poſſet;
" And, when he's faſt, I will him hide,
" I'th' top o'th' garret upon Ide."

Cupid, who miſchief lov'd, I think,
Better by half than meat or drink,
Without all manner of reply,
Prepares him for this roguery.

---

* ———*Faciem mutatus & ora* Cupido
Pro dulci Aſcanio *veniat,*
† *Tu faciem illius, noctem non ampliùs unam,*
Falle dolo; & notos pueri puer indue vultus:
Ut, cùm te gremio accipiet lætiſſima Dido,
Regales inter menſas, laticémque Lyæum,
Cùm dabit amplexus, atque oſcula dulcia figet,
Occultum inſpires ignem, fallaſque veneno.
‡ *Hunc ego ſopitum ſomno, ſuper alta* Cythere
Aut ſuper Idalium *ſacratâ ſede recondam.*
‖ *Paret Amor dictis charæ genetricis, & alas*
Exuit, & greſſu gaudens incedit Iüli.

His wings he from his ſhoulders throws
Becauſe they'd not go into's clothes;
And dreſs'd himſelf to ſuch a wonder,
That none could know the lads aſunder.

* But Venus gave the other a ſop,
That made him ſleep like any top;
And while he taking was a nap,
She laid him neatly in her lap,
And carry'd him t' a houſe that ſtood
Upon a hill near to a wood:
And when ſhe had the urchin there,
She laid him up in a lavender.

† In the mean time, Sir Cupid goes
To th' court in young Iülus' clothes;
‡ Who ſhould he ſee when he came there,
But Dido ſitting in a chair,
I' th' midſt of all the Trojan blades,
Vap'ring and ſwearing at her maids!
Under her feet a cricket ſtood,
Whereupon ſhe ſtamp'd as ſhe were wood;
And likewiſe there was finely put
A cuſhion underneath her ſcut.

---

* *At* Venus Aſcanio *placidam per membra quietem*
Irrigat; & fotum gremio Dea tollit in altos
Idaliæ *lucos: ubi mollis amaracus illum*
Floribus & dulci aſpirans complectitur umbrâ.
† *Jamque ibat dicto parens,*——————
‡ *Cùm venit, aulæis jam ſe Regina ſuperbis*
Aureâ compoſuit ſpondâ, mediamque locavit.
Jam pater Æneas, *& jam* Trojana *juventus*
Conveniunt, ſtratòque ſuper diſcumbitur oſtro.

There

There as ſhe ſat upon her crupper,
* She bad her folks to bring in ſupper,
And in they brought a thund'ring meal,
Great joints of mutton, pork, and veal,
Hens, geeſe, and turkies, ducks and cuſtards,
And at the laſt, fowls, fawns, and buſtards:
The Trojans eat and made good cheer,
Tunning themſelves with ale and beer;
There was old drinking then and ſinging,
And all the while the bell was ringing:
One would have thought, by the great feaſt,
T' had been a wedding at the leaſt.
Whilſt thus they eat, and drink, and chat,
† Cupid that little cogging brat,
So cunning was in counterfeiting,
Æneas thought him on's own getting.
At laſt, queen Dido in her lap,
Sets me the mountebanking ape,
And kiſs'd his lips all on a leather,
And thus beſpeaks the new-made father:

" By th' mack" (quoth ſhe) " thou Trojan truſty,
" Thou got'ſt this boy when thou wert luſty;
" And any one that does but note him,
" May ſoon know who it was begot him;

---

* *Quinquaginta intus famula, quibus ordine longo*
Cura penum ſtruere, & flammis adolere Penates.
Centum aliæ totidémque pares ætate miniſtri,
Qui dapibus menſas onerent, & pocula ponant.
† *Ille, ubi complexu Æneæ, colloque pependit,*
Et magnum falſi implevit genitoris amorem,
Reginam petit; hæc oculis, hæc pectore toto
Hæret: & interdum gremio fovet inſcia Dido,
Inſideat quantus miſeræ Deus.

I dare

" I dare be ſworn 'twas thou did'ſt get him,
" He's e'en as like thee as thou'dſt ſpit him."

* Whilſt thus the youth ſhe kiſs'd and dandl'd,
Cupid had ſo the matter handl'd,
That ſhe began, upon a ſudden,
To feel a longing for white pudden.
† When they had ſupp'd and that the waiters
Had trenchers ta'en away, and platters;
‡ Up from her chair queen Dido ſtarts,
And takes a mug that held two quarts
Of drink, that ſhe, with much forbearing,
Had ſav'd long ſince for her ſheep-ſhearing:
And thus begins, " here, Sirs, here's to you,
" And, from my heart, much good may do you:
‖ " Æneas, here's a health to thee,
" To ——— and to good company;
" And he that will not pledge me fairly,
" And name the words as I do barely:
" I do pronounce him to be no man.
" And may he never tickle woman."

§ With that ſhe ſet it to her noſe,
And off at once the Rumkin goes:

---

* ———*At memor ille*
Matris Acidaliæ, *paulatim abolere* Sichæum
Incipit, & vivo tentat prævertere amore
Jampridem reſides animos ———
† *Poſtquam prima quies epulis, menſæque remotæ;*
Crateras magnos ſtatuunt, & vina coronant.
‡ *Hic Regina gravem gemmis auróque popoſcit,*
Implevítque mero pateram: quam Belus, *& omnes*
A Belo *ſoliti* — ———
‖ *Adſit lætitiæ* Bacchus *dator & bona* Juno:
Et vos, ô cœtum, Tyrii, *celebrate faventes.*
§ *Dixit, & in menſâ laticum libavit honorem,*
Primáque libato ſummo tenus attigit ore.

No drops beſide her muzzle falling,
Until that ſhe had ſupp'd it all in:
Then turning't * topſey on her thumb,
Says, "look, here's *Supernaclum.*"
Æneas as the ſtory tells,
And all the reſt did bleſs themſelves,
To ſee her toll off ſuch a pitcher,
And yet to have her face no richer.
"By Jove" (quoth he) "knocking his knuckles,
"I'd not drink with her for ſhoe-buckles:
"But, madam, (ſays he) ſweetly bowing
"I hope your grace does not make † plowing:
"For if you do at this large rate,
"There will be many an aking pate:"
With that he took a luſty ſwimmer.
"‡ Here, Sirs," (quoth he) "I drink this Brimmer,
"In kind return for our protections,
"Unto queen Dido's affections.

‖ Down went their cups, and to't they fell,
Roaring and ſwaggering pell-mell,
§ Whilſt a blind harper did advance,
That wore queen Dido's cognizance,
A minſtrel that *Iops* hight,
Who play's and ſung to them all night:
He ſung them ſongs, ballads, and catches,
Of men's devices, women's patches;

* Alias Kelty. † Ending one, and begining another.

---

‡ ——— *Ille impiger hauſit*
Spumantem pateram, et pleno ſe proluit auro.
‖ *Poſt alii proceres,* ———
§ ——— *Citharâ crinitus* Iopas
Perſonat auratâ, docuit quæ maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem Lunam. ———

With ancient ſongs of high renown,
And even one they call Troy-town:
At that Æneas ſhook his noddle,
As one would do an empty bottle:
(Quoth he) "if he that wrote this ditty
"Had been with us i'th' midſt o'th' city,
"When faggot-ſticks flew in folk's chops
"And knock'd men down as thick as hops,
"I do believe for all's fine chiming,
"He would have had ſmall mind of rhiming:
"Yet, for to give the Devil's due,
"Whoe'er it was, the ballad's true."

* From Dido then a belch did fly,
'Tis thought ſhe meant it for a ſigh,
And tears ran down he fair long noſe;
The queen was maudlin, I ſuppoſe.

† (Quoth ſhe) "Æneas out of jeſting,
"Thou needs muſt tell, at my requeſting,
"All the whole tale of Troy's condition,
"Since firſt you troubled was with Grecian;
"Hector's great fights, and Priam's ſpeeches,
"And eke deſcribe Achilles' breeches,
"How ſtrong he was when he did grapple,
"And if Tydides' horſe were dapple:
"Tell me, I ſay, of Paris' lech'ry,
"The Grecians quarrel, and their treach'ry,

---

* *Infelix* Dido, *longúmque bibebat amorem;*
† *Multa ſuper,* Priamo *rogitans, ſuper* Hectore *multa;*
Nunc, quibus Auroræ *veniſſet filius armis;*
Nunc, quales Diomedis *equi; nunc, quantus* Achilles:
Imo age, & à prima dic, hoſpes, origine nobis
Inſidias, inquit, Danaum, caſúſque tuorum,
Erroreqſue tuos:———

Your

" Your challenges, your fights, and battles,
" And how you loſt your goods and chattles,
" And to what places you have wander'd,
" Ere ſince you were ſo baſely ſquander'd:
" All theſe things would I know moſt duly,
" Then tell me ſpeedily and truly."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

SCARRONIDES:

OR,

VIRGIL TRAVESTIE.

A

MOCK-POEM,

IN IMITATION OF THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID,

IN ENGLISH BURLESQUE.

BY CHARLES COTTON, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

VIRGIL
TRAVESTIE.

The Fourth Book.

* IN this fourth book we find it written,
That Dido Queen was deeply ſmitten;
Much taken with the Trojan's perſon,
Than which a properer was ſcarce one:
Much of his breeding did ſhe reckon:
But that which ſtab'd her was his weapon;
For which ſhe did ſo ſcald and burn,
That none but he could ſerve her turn.

† The ſun that ſpruce light-headed fellow,
With frizzle locks of ſandy yellow,

---

* *At regina, gravi jamdudum ſaucia curâ*
Vulnus alit venis, & cæco carpitur igni,
Multa viri virtus animo, multúſque recurſat
Gentis honos, hærent infixi pectore vultus,
Verbaque; nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.
† *Poſtera* Phœbeâ *luſtrabat lampade terras,*
Humentèmque Aurora *polo dimoverat umbram;*
Cùm ſic unanimem alloquitur malèſana ſororem.

The

The windows crept by radiation,
Like ſons begot in fornication,
When Dido, mad to go to man,
Juſt thus beſpoke her ſiſter Nan:
" * I've been all night" (quoth ſhe) " my Nancy,
" ſo ſtrangely troubl'd in my fancy,
" I could not reſt till morning-peep,
" Odd dreams have ſo diſturb'd my ſleep:
" † What a ſtout ſtripling's this Æneas,
" That thus has croſs'd the ſeas to us:
" I do believe, nay, dare ſwear for him,
" No mortal woman ever bore him,
" ‡ But ſome great lady in the ſky,
" That nurs'd him up with furmity,
" I hate a baſe cowardly drone,
" Worſe than a rigil with one ſtone:
" But this bold Trojan I delight in,
" || How bravely does he talk of fighting!
" I tell thee Nancy, we'rt not that
" Folks would be apt to talk and prate,
" Should I ſo ſoon new ſuitors have,
" ** My huſband yet ſcarce cold in's grave;

---

* *Anna ſoror, quæ me ſuſpenſam inſomnia terrent!*
† *Quis novus hic noſtris ſucceſſit ſedibus hoſpes?*
Quem ſeſe ore ferens! quam forti pectore, & armis!
‡ *Credo equidem (nec vana fides) genus eſſe Deorum.*
Degeneres animos timor arguit. || *Heu quibus ille*
Jactatus fatis! Quæ bella exhauſta canebat!
** *Ne cui me vinc'lo vellem ſociare jugali,*
Poſtquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit;
Si non pertæſum thalami tædæque fuiſſet,
Huic uni forſan potui ſuccumbere culpæ.

And

" And were I not with my firſt honey
" Half tir'd as 'twere with matrimony;
" I could, with this ſame youngſter tall,
" Find in my heart to try a fall.
" I muſt confeſs, ſince that ſad ſeaſon
" Pygmalion cut my huſband's weaſon;
" This only (not to mince the matter)
" Has made my jiggambob to water:
" † But may I firſt, I Jove implore,
" Sink through this my chamber-floor,
" Down quick into the cellar's bottom,
" Ere I commit the thing you wot on;
" Or any thing by luſts ſuggeſtion,
" ‡ That my good name may bring in queſtion."
|| Which ſaid, ſhe wept in manner ampler,
Than girl new whipt for loſing ſampler.
Nan in her anſwer was not long,
For nimble baggage of her tongue
She was (as ſome would ſay that knew her)
As was in that and next town to her.
" ** O ſiſter dearer to me far
" Than ſun-ſhine days in harveſt are:

---

* *Anna (fatebor enim) miſeri poſt fata* Sichæi
Conjugis, & ſparſos fraternâ cæde Penates,
Sólus hic inflexit ſenſus, animúmque labantem
Impulit; agnoſco veteris veſtigia flammæ.
† *Sed mihi vel tellus optem priús ima dehiſcat,*
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me ———
‡ *Ante pudor quam te violem, aut tua jura reſolvam:*
|| *Sic effata, ſinum lachrymis implevit obortis.*
** *Anna refert; O luce magis dilecta ſoroti.*

Wilt

" * Wilt though (quoth ſhe) O woman wood,
" Still ſtop the current of thy blood,
" And loſe the time, by vain pretences,
" Of making pretty boys and wenches?
" Wilt thou cut faces evermore,
" For huſband dead as nail in door?
" Doſt thou believe thou puling thing,
" † That dead folks care for whimpering?
" ‡ Yield, and be nought at laſt, y'have play'd
" The fool too long, here be it ſaid,
" And ſtood too much in your own light,
" Or long enough ago you might
" || Have match'd yourſelf, and that well too,
" To rich and proper men enow.
" What though you have ſaid many nay,
" Yea, and burnt day-light, as we ſay,
" Goodman Iarbas here hard by,
" And others of good yeomanry,
" That might have paſs'd; becauſe, forſooth,
" They could not pleaſe your dainty tooth;
" ** Muſt you ſtill mince it at this rate,
" With one you twitter to be at?

---

* *Solàne perpetuâ mœrens carpêre juventà?*
Nec dulces natos, Veneris nec præmia nôris?
† *Id cinerem, aut manes credis curare ſepultos?*
‡ *Eſto; ægram nulli quondam flexêre mariti;*
|| *Non* Libyæ, *non antè* Tyro; *deſpectus* Iarbas,
Ductoreſque alii, quos Africa *terra triumphis*
Dives alit: ** *Placito-ne etiam pugnabis amori?*
Nec venit in mentem, quorum conſederis arvis?
Pinc Getulæ urbes, genus inſuperabile bello,
Et Numidæ infræni cingunt, & inhoſpita Syrtis:
Hinc ———
Barcæi. ———

You

" You ne'er conſider'd what a throng
" Of ſaucy knaves you live among,
" Baſe ill-bred, cheating, ſorry curs,
" Raſcals as falſe as Moorlanders,
" Such fellows, as I greatly doubt me,
" If you no better look about ye,
" And leave this fooliſh twittle twattle,
" To match with one will tend your cattle,
" Will in ſhort ſpace not leave a gooſe,
" Turkey, or hen about the houſe:
" * Your brother too, he ſwears and curſes
" About his money-bags and purſes.
" † I do believe that Jove and Juno,
" (Whom all the world, and I, and you know)
" Have ever been your faithful friends,
" For ſome moſt ſecret courteous ends,
" Over blue Neptune's bouncing ferries,
" Have hither ſent theſe Trojan wherries.
" Oh, were theſe Trojans marry'd to us,
" How oft and ably would they do us!
" ‡ What a fine town would ours be then,
" How bravely ſtor'd with luſty men!
" Then, without any more ado,
" Siſter, ſay Grace, and ſo fall to:
" They in good manners, ten to one,
" Will make an offer to be gone:
" And rather truſt their rotten barges,
" Than ſtay to put you to more charges;

---

* *Germanique minas:* ———
† *Diis equidem auſpicibus reor, & Junone ſecundâ*
Huc curſum Iliacus vento tenuiſſe carinas.
‡ *Quam tu urbem ſoror hanc cernes! quæ ſurgere regna*
Conjugio tali! Teucrûm comitantibus armis,
Punicà ſe quantis attollet gloria rebus!

" * But you may make 'em at command,
" As eas'ly ſtay as kiſs your hand.
" † Can you not tell 'em that the weather
" 'S too cold or hot, (no matter whether)
" Their ſcullers torn and ſhatter'd ſo,
" That they muſt mend 'em ere they go;
" And, in concluſion, with good reaſon,
" Wiſh 'em to expect a better ſeaſon?"
‡ With ſuch like documents as theſe are,
Which the young ſlut knew beſt would pleaſe her,
Nancy ſo tickl'd up her grace,
That Dido ſcarce knew where ſhe was.
Nay ſome affirm a dangerous matter,
She'd much ado to hold her water;
And, counſel'd in that tempting ſtrain,
I wonder how ſhe could contain;
But certain 'tis, that this advice
So wrought upon this widow rice,
That ſhe, who maid, widow, and wife,
Had priz'd her honour 'bove her life,
|| Now car'd no more for her good name
Than any common trading dame.
** But to the church (forſooth) anon
That matters might go better on,

---

* *Tu modo* ———
Indulge hoſpitio, cauſaſque innecte morandi:
† *Dum pelago deſævit hyems, et aquoſus Orion,*
Quaſſataque rates, et non tractabile cælum.
‡ *His dictis incenſum animum inflammavit amore,*
Spemque dedit dubia || menti, ſolvitque pudorem.
** *Principio Delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras*
Enquirunt. ———

(Like

(Like people o' th' fanatic fry,
Whoſe ſanctity's hypocriſy)
They muſt, and, ſlipping on their pattens,
They went, as who ſhould ſay, to mattins.
Thither now come, fair Dido ſquats
Her bum on caſſock made of mats;
For you muſt know, as ſtory ſays,
Queens, like the Godly in thoſe days,
In manner inſolent and ſlightly,
Diſdain'd to kneel to God Almighty.
But Anna, who was but a ſpinſter,
Kneel'd low on ſtones as hard as flints are!
Their eyes they roll'd, and bow'd their bodies
To this and th' other God and Goddeſs,
† To Ceres, Phœbus, and Lyæus,
And twenty harder names than * The'as
‡ But Juno had moſt veneration,
As ſhe was queen of copulation.
Prayers being done, up Dido roſe,
And to the prieſt demurely goes;
She gently pulls him by the garment,
The rev'rend type of his preferment,
And, with moſt gracious looks and ſpeeches,
To borrow a word or two beſeeches.
The prieſt bow'd low, in awkward wiſe,
As 'tis, you know Sir Roger's guiſe,
And, in obſequious manner, told her,
Her grace with him might make much bolder.

This prieſt was held a mighty clerk,
In myſteries profound and dark;

* A figure ſo new, that modern Authors have yet no name for it

† *Legifera* Cereri, Phœbòque *patrique* Lyæo,
‡ *Junoni ante omnes, cui vincla jugalia curæ.*
Ipſa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido, &c.

Had

* Had ſkill in phyſic, and was able
To tell folks fortunes by their table,
Him ſhe conjures, intreats and prays,
With all the cunning that ſhe has,
Greaſes his fiſt; nay more engages
Thenceforth to mend his quarter's-wages,
If he would but reſolve the doubt
That ſhe then came to him about.
But't had been vain, had he been wiſer,
Or to inſtruct, or to adviſe her.
† Alas! poor prieſt! how fruitleſs is't
To judge by phs'nomy or fiſt?
Or what do prophecies avail,
When women have a whiſk i't th' tail?
‡ Dido, for love, in woeful wiſe,
Bubbles, and boils, and broils, and fries,
And in her am'rous moods and teaſes,
E'en like one out of all her ſenſes;
About the town ſhe runs and reels,
With all the ſchool-boys at her heels:

So have I ſeen in paſtures fair,
Where cattle educated are,
‖ An heifer young, when ſhe doth itch,
With gad-bees ſticking in her breech,
From ſhady brake on ſudden riſe,
And with her tail erect to th' ſkies,

---

* ——— *Spirantia cnnſulit exta*
† *Heu, vatum ignaræ mentes! quid vota furentem,*
Quid delubra juvant? eſt mollis flamma medullas
Interea, & tacitum vivit ſub pectore vulnus.
‡ *Uritur infelix* Dido, *totâque vagatur*
Urbe furens. ‖ *Qualis conjectâ cerva, ſagittâ,*
Quam procul. ———

Run

* Run through the fields with friſks and kicks,
In various capreols and tricks,
Some eaſe, poor thing, alas! to find:
† When lo! the ſting ſticks faſt behind:
One while ſhe takes her ‡ luſty lover,
Meaning her paſſion to diſcover;
She leads him out from place to place,
And ſhews him all that e'er ſhe has;
Diſcloſes all her ſecret wealth,
And ſays, if Jove ſend life and health,
That ſhe (though ſimply there ſhe ſtand)
Will make that living as good land,
If ſhe continue but a while on't,
As any lies within five miles on't.
Then ſhe ‖ begins to mump and ſmatter,
Willing to break into the matter,
And aſk the queſtion, when (alas!)
To ſee how things will come to paſs,
When ſhe moſt fain would break her mind,
She ſooner could by half break wind,
Than ſpeak a word: virtue forſooth,
And modeſty ſo ſtopp'd her mouth;
§ Over and over then ſhe treats
Him and his mates, with ſundry meats,
Whilſt Trojans round beſiege her boards,
Merry as Greeks, and drunk as lords,

---

* —— *Ille fugâ ſylvas ſaltúſque peragrat.*
† —— *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*
‡ *Nunc media* Æneam *ſecum per mœnia ducit,*
Sidoniàſque oſtentat opes urbémque paratam.
‖ *Incipit effari, mediâque in voce reſiſtat.*
§ *Nunc eadem, labente die, convivia quærit;*

When, ſure as e'er they ſit at th' table,
* She calls again to hear Troy's fable:
Nay, lov'd it ſo, that ſhe, 'tis ſaid,
The ballad then of Troy own made.
We owe her for't, and let us pay't her;
Who Engliſh'd it, was her tranſlator.
† Now when, with raking up the fire,
Each one departs to Bedfordſhire;
And pillows all ſecurely ſnort on,
Like organiſts of fam'd Hog's-norton:
‡ Dido, poor Queen, alone doth lie,
Dreaming on true love's phys-nomy;
And in that humour ſhe the ſmall
|| Aſcanius takes, Troy's Juvenal;
And in her lap, on tuft of ſorrel,
Laying the little wanton gorrel,
Oft would ſhe ſighing ſay, "this lad,
"O that he were but like his dad!"

This life the woeful Dido led,
Eke at her board and eke at bed;
§ Her houſewifery, no more regarding,
Neither her ſpinning nor her carding;

---

* *Iliacoſque iterùm demens audire labores*
Expoſcit, pendétque iterùm narrantis ab ore.
† *Poſt, ubi digreſſi, luménque obſcura viciſſim*
Luna premit, ſuadéntque cadentia ſidera ſomnos:
‡ *Sola domo mœret vacuâ ſtratiſque relictis*
Incubat ———
|| *Aut gremio* Aſcanium *genitoris imagine capta*
Detinet, infandum ſi fallere poſſit amorem.
§ *Non cœptæ aſſurgunt turres; non arma juventus*
Exercet portûſve, aut propugnacula bello
Tuta parant; Penent opera interrupta, minæque
Murorum ingentes, æquatâque machina cœlo.
Quam ſimul ac tali perſenſit peſte tenet.

But

But, like a dame of wits bereven,
Let all things go at ſix and ſeven.
Which when Queen Juno (for theſe two
Were clove and orange you muſt know)
Perceiv'd, and that, than blind cheeks blinder,
She threw all care and ſhame behind her:
She Venus in theſe words accoſts,
" * You and your ſon may make your boaſts,
" With ſhame enough, that god and goddeſs,
" Like ſublunary buſy-bodies,
" To make a woman light as feather,
" Do lay your learned heads together.
" † 'Twas not for nought that I was ever
" Afraid of you two coming hither;
" You and your little blinking urchin
" Againſt this town have ſtill been lurching,
" ‡ But when ſhall we give o'er this pother,
" And leave of vexing one another?
" Be thou but mine, I'll be thy friend,
" || Let's marry 'em, and there's an end;
" Thou haſt thy wiſh, thy little archer
" Has made our Dido mad as march-hare.

Chara Jovis conjux, nec famam obſtare furori;
Talibus aggreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis:
* *Túque, puerque tuus: magnum et memorabile nomen,*
Una dolo divúm, ſi fœmina victa duorum eſt.
† *Nec me adeò fallit, veritam te mœnia noſtra,*
Suſpectus habuiſſe domos Carthaginis *altæ,*
‡ *Sed quis erit modus? aut quo nunc cermine tanto?*
|| *Quin potiús pacem æternam pactòſque Hymenæos*
Exercemus? habes toiâ quod mente petiſti.
Ardet amans Dido, *traxitque per oſſa furorem.*
Communem hunc ergo populum paribúſque regamus
Auſpiciis ———

" Then let us all old quarrels quit,
" Leave being ſuch a peevish tit:
" * Troy lads ſhall marry Tyrian laſſes,
" And we will be as merry as paſſes."
† Venus who knew ſhe did but glaver,
For all the fine ſmooth words ſhe gave her,
And proffer'd love's not worth a cow-turd,
(You know,) if ſpoke but from teeth outward,
‡ Like cunning Queen in ſmiles array'd her,
And in her own coin thus ſhe paid her:

" O Juno, Queen, Jove's bedfellow,
" Who here above, or who below,
" || With thee would quarrel or contend,
" And not ſtill reſt thy loving friend?
" I like the motion well, but that
" § There's one main thing I ſtumble at;
" And that in downright truth is this,
" (Jove pardon if I think amiſs)
" I am afraid (this doubt I put ye,
" Indeed, I'aw now is ſomething ſmutty)
" Bnt I the ſcruple muſt not ſmother;
" Women, you know, to one another
" May freely ſpeak (and here be't ſaid,
" 'Twixt you and me) I'm ſore afraid,
" My ſon's ſo big which rarely falls,
" About his ——— and genitals,

---

* —— *Liceat* Phrygio *ſervire maritio,*
Dotaléſque tuæ Tyrios *permittere dextræ.*
† *Olli (ſenſit enim ſimulatá mente locutam)*
‡ *Sic contra eſt ingreſſa* Venus ———
|| —— *Quis talia demens*
Abnuat? aut tecum malit contendere bello?
§ *Si modó, quod memoras, factum fortnna ſequatur:*
Sed ſatis incerta feror, ſi Jupiter *unam*
Eſſe velit ———

That

" That I am half afraid leſt he,
" Should chance to ſpoil her majeſty."
* At that Queen Juno ſmil'd and ſaid,
" Of that" (wench) " never be afraid,
" For if they once do come together,
" He'll find that Dido's reaching-leather;
" If then that Dido and thy ſon,
" To do as other folks have done,
" † Thou give conſent (mark) and in few words,
" Which ſhall be friendly words and true words;
" I'll tell thee how I've caſt about,
" And laid a plot to bring 'em to't;
" ‡ To-morrow ere the Sun (heaven bleſs him)
" Can ſee to riſe, at leaſt to dreſs him,
" Æneas and the Queen have made,
" (The Queen and he I ſhould have ſaid)
" A match to go after her wonting,
" Into the woods a ſquirrel-hunting:
" Now I, whilſt all on ev'ry ſide
" The thickets round are occupy'd,
" And eagerly their game are following,
" As hunters uſe, whooping and hollowing,
" || Will cauſe big-bellied clouds to pour,
" Upon their coxcombs ſuch a ſhower,

---

* ——— *Tùm ſic excepit Regia* Juno,
Mecum erit iſte labor;
† ——— *Nûnc quâ ratione, quod inſtat,*
Confieri poſſit, paucis (adverte) docebo.
‡ *Venatum* Æneas, *unâque miſerrima* Dido,
In nemus ire parant, ubi primos craſtinus ortus
Extulerit Titan, *radiiſque retexerit orbem.*
|| *His ego nigrantem commiſtâ grandine nimbum,*
Dum trepidant alæ, ſaltùſque indagine cingunt,
Deſuper infundam ———

" And will with hail and rain ſo clout 'em,
" They'll not have one dry thread about 'em.
" * Beſides, ſuch thunder-claps ſhall burſt out,
" As ſome of them ſhall ſmell the worſe for't.
" † Trojans and Tyrians helter-ſkelter
" Will then all run to ſeek for ſhelter.
" Then each one, there will ſhift for one,
" And leave the Queen and him alone.
" ‡ Dido and Dildo, in this caſe,
" Shall find a cave as fit a place,
" For ſuch an uſe, ſo fine and dark,
" That, if Æneas be a ſpark,
" They there in ſpite of all foul weather
" May take a gentle touch together:
" So each of other may have proof,
" || And marry after time enough."
Venus, who very well could fathom
The bottom of this ſubtle madam,
Soon ſmelt her practice, and her art,
As ſtrong as ſhe had let a f——
Yet, that ſhe might her malice blind,
And fit the lady in her kind,
§ She ſeems her free conſent to give,
And trips it laughing in her ſleeve.

---

* ——— *Et tonitru cælum omne ciebo.*
† *Diffugient comites, & nocte tegentur opacâ*
‡ *Speluncam* Dido, *dux &* Trojanis *eandem*
Devenient: adero, &, tua ſi mihi certa voluntas,
Connubio jungam ſtabili, ———
|| ——— *propriàmque dicabo:*
Hic Hymenæus erit ———
§ ——— *Non adverſata petenti*
Annuit atque dolis riſit Cytherea repertis.

* Mean

* Mean while the ſun, as it his courſe is,
Got up to dreſs and water's horſes;
When out the merry hunters come,
With them a fellow with a drum, *
Your Tyrian ſquirrels will not budge elſe,
† Well arm'd they were † with ſtaves and cudgels;
Tykes too they had of all ſorts, ‡ bandogs,
Curs, ſpaniels, water-dogs, and land-dogs.
|| Theſe, for the Queen expecting, tarry,
Who longer lay than ordinary;
For ſhe at night could take no eaſe,
She had been bit ſo ſore with fleas.
§ Her mare well trapp'd, of her own ſpinning,
'Ty'd to the pails, ſtood likewiſe whinning;
For why (as poets ſing the fable)
Her foal was bolted up i'th' ſtable.
** At laſt ſhe ſallies from the houſe,
As fine and briſk as body-louſe.
†† She hood and ſafeguard had bran new,
The lace was yellow, cloth was blue;

* A very neceſſary inſtrument in ſquirrel-hunting.

---

* *Oceanum interea ſurgens aurora reliquit:*
It portis, jubare exorto, delecta juventus.
Retia, rara, plagæ ———
† ——— *Lato venabula ferro,*
‡ ——— *odora canum vis.*
|| *Reginam Thalamo cunctantem, ad limina primi*
Pœnorum expectant, ———
§ ——— *Oſtróque inſignis & auro*
Stat ſonipes, ac fræna ferox ſpumantia mandit.
** *Tandem progreditur* ———
†† *Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo:*

Faſt

Faſt to her girdle ty'd with thong,
* A bunch of keys completely hung:
For why well knew the thrifty queen,
That ſervants ſtill have ſlipp'ry been:
Which made her careful of her pelf,
Evermore keep the keys herſelf.
† With her Iülus came that ſtrippling,
A youth e'en ſpoil'd for want of whipping;
For's father and his fooliſh grannam
Had ever made a wanton on him:
‡ But when his ſire appear'd in play,
Mounted upon his galloway,
'Tis ſaid by ſome that better knew him,
The reſt look'd like tooth-drawers to him:
‖ No ſprightly groom ſo trim and trick is,
That juſt upon preferment's prick is,
§ As was Æneas, ſtories ſay,
When clad in clothes of holy-day:
His breeches, ſav'd from Troy's combuſtion,
Were kèndal, and his doublet fuſtain;

---

* *Cui pharetra ex auro — ——*
Aurea purpuream ſubnectit fibula veſtem.
† —— *& lætus Iülus,*
‡ —— *ipſe ante alios pulcherrimus omnes*
Infert ſe ſocium Æneas ——
‖ *Qualis, ubi hybernam Lyciam, Xunthique fluenta*
Deſerit, ac Delum maternam inviſſit Apollo,
Inſtauràtque choros;
§ —— *Mollique fluentem*
Fronde premit crinem fingens, atque implicat auro:
—— *Haud illo ſegnior ibat*
Æneas: *tantum egregio decus enitet ore.*

Pink'd

Pink'd with moſt admirable grace,
And richly laid with green ſilk-lace.
‡ Athwart his brawney ſhoulders came
A buldric made, and trimm'd with the ſame;
Where twibil hung, with baſket-hilt,
Grown ruſty now, but had been gilt;
Or guilty elſe of many a thwack,
With dudgeon dagger at his back.
Upon his head he wore a hat,
Inſtead of ſattin, fac'd with fat,
Which, being limber grown, we find
Moſt ſwaſhingly pinn'd up behind;
With broach as gaudy and as tall
As ev'ry foremoſt horſe of all.

In beſt apparel thus array'd
They now begin their cavalcade
Towards the woods, † where be'ng e're long
Arriv'd (for 'twas not paſt a furlong
From Carthage, as the learn'd compute it,
And let who has been there confute it)
They ev'ry way diſperſe themſelves,
To watch the little nimble elves;
As who ſhould ſay, come this or that way,
T'other or any way have at ye.

The Drummer now 'gan lay about him,
And all the people fell a ſhouting,
Such peals they gave of men and boys,
A man could hardly hear for noiſe:
Nay Dido queen, they ſwore that heard it,
Shouted as loud as any there did.

---

* *Tela ſonant humeris* ———
† *Poſtquam altos ventum in montes, atque invia ſaxa*
Ecce feræ ſaxi dejectæ vertice ———

* The frighted ſquirrels ſtumps belabour,
As they had danc'd to pipe and tabor;
Skipping and leaping in their dances
From tree to tree o'er boughs and branches.
Now on the utmoſt top, and then
At one leap at the root agen.
† But young Aſcanius, hopes o'th' houſe,
Car'd not for ſquirreling a louſe;
For he's, whilſt they are at their chaſe,
Playing at hide and ſeek, or baſe,
Among his mates, and wiſhes rather
(And ſo the ſtripling told his father)
For naughty vermin that would bite him,
Or throſtle neſt, though't did ————
‡ Mean while the clouds began to clatter,
And to pour down whole pails of water;
The thunder quite out-roar'd the drum,
‖ And hail-ſtones bigger than one's thumb,
Came pelting down. Then all, to ſave 'em,
Ran as if twenty devils drave em;

---

* *Decurrêre jugis; aliâ de parte patentes*
Tranſmittunt curſu campos, atque agmina cervi
Pulverulenta fugâ glomerant, montêſque relinquunt.
† *At puer* Aſcanius *mediis in vallibus acri*
Gaudet equo; jàmque hos curſu, jam præterit illos:
Spumantémque dari (pecora inter inertia) votis
Optat aprum aut fulvum deſcendere monte leonem.
‡ *Intereâ magno miſceri murmure cœlum,*
Incipit: ————
‖ ———— *Inſequitur commiſtâ grandine nimbus.*
Et Tyrii *comites paſſim, & t rojana juventus,*
Dardaniúſque nepos Veneris, diverſa per agros
Tecta metu petiêre; ruunt de montibus amnes
——— *fulgère ignes* ———

Whilſt young Aſcanius and his mates
Were waſh'd and daſh'd like water-rats.
Fair Dido, then for all her hoops,
Bang'd her old mare about the ſtoops,
And jogg'd her buttocks, though a Queen,
For fear of being wet to th' ſkin:
Nay, e'en Æneas' ſelf, forgetting
His reputation ſhrunk i'th' wetting,
And ran, or would have done at leaſt,
But that his horſe a ſober beaſt,
Proceeded ſlow with motion grave,
And crav'd the ſpur, in care to ſave
His maſter's neck, as ſome ſuppoſe,
Though his care was to ſave his cloaths;
He ſpurr'd, nor yet was Dido idle,
For gingle gingle went her bridle,
† Till fortune, or dame Juno rather,
Clapp'd 'em into a cave together.
The cave ſo darkſome was, that I do
Think Joan had been as good as Dido:
But ſo it was, in that hole, they
Grew intimate, as one may ſay:
The Queen was blithe as bird in tree,
And bill'd as wantonly, whilſt he,
† By hindlock ſeizing faſt occaſion,
Slipp'd into Dido's converſation:
And in that very place and ſeaſon,
'Tis thought Æneas did her reaſon.

---

* *Speluncam* Dido *dux* & Trojanus *eandem*
Deveniunt; prima & *Tellus* & *pronuba* Juno
Dant ſignum ———
† ——— *Conſcius æther*
Connubuii.

* This

‡ This ſport of miſchief much was cauſe,
For ſweet meat will have ſour ſauce;
And they their time in cave ſo ſpending,
Beginning was of Dido's ending.
Her Majeſty now no more nice is;
† Nor ſeeks ſhe now, by fine devices,
To hide her ſhame; but leads a life,
As if they had been man and wife.
‖ At this a wench, call'd fame, flew out
To all the good towns round about.
This fame was daughter to a cryer,
That whilom liv'd in Carthage-ſhire,
§ A little prating ſlut no higher,
When Dido firſt arriv'd at Tyre,
Than this ——————— but, in a few years ſpace
Grown up a luſty ſtrapping laſs.
A long and lazy queen I ween,
She was brought up to ſew nor ſpin,
Nor any kind of houſewifery,
To get an honeſt living by;
** But ſaunter'd idly up and down,
From houſe to houſe, and town to town,

---

* *Ille dies primus lethi, primûſque malorum*
Cauſa fuit ———————
† ——————— *Neque enim ſpecie famâ-ve movetur*
Nec jam furtivum Dido *mediator amorem.*
‡ *Conjugium vocat: hoc prætexit nomine culpam.*
‖ *Extemplo* Libyæ *magnas it Fama per urbes,*
Fama ———————
§ *Parva metu primo; mox ſeſe attollit in auras,*
Ingreditúrque ſolo, & caput inter nubila condit.
Mobilitate viget, virêſque acquirit eundo.
** ——— *Pedibus celerum, & pernicibus alis;*
——— *Cui* ——— *tot vigiles oculi* ———

To

To ſpy and liſten after news,
Which ſhe ſo miſchievouſly brews,
That ſtill whate'er ſhe ſees or hears,
Sets folks together by the ears.
* This baggage that ſtill took a pride to
Slander and backbite poor queen Dido;
Becauſe the queen once, on detection,
Sent her to th' manſion of correction.
† Glad ſhe had got this tale by th' end,
Runs me about to foe and friend;
‡ And tells them that a fellow came
From Troy, or ſuch a kind of name,
To Tyre, about a fortnight ſince,
Whom Dido feaſted like a prince;
Was with her always, day and night,
Nor could endure him from her ſight,
And that 'twas thought ſhe meant to marry him.
‖ At this rate talk'd the foul-mouth'd carrion!
§ At laſt ſhe does t' Iarbas go,
** She never in ſuch things was ſlow;

---

* *Monſtrum horrendum ingens;*
† *Hæc tam multiplici populos ſermone replebat*
Gaudens, ———
‡ *Veniſſe* Æneam Trojano *à ſanguine cretum;*
Cui ſe pulchra viro dignetur jungere Dido.
Nunc hyemem inter ſe luxu, quam longa fovere,
Regnorum immemores, turpique cupidine captos.
‖ *Hæc paſſim Dea fœda virûm diffundit in ora*
§ *Protinùs ad regem curſus detorquet* Iarbam:
** *Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ullum.*
Hic ammone ſatus ———
Centum aras poſuit ———
———*Pecudúmque cruore*
Pingue ſolum, & variis florentia limina ſertis.

And

And tells him all. Now this Iarbas,
For Dido's love, was in a hard caſe,
And had been long. Oft did he woo her
And did the beſt he could do to her:
But ſtill in vain he broke his mind,
'Twas throwing ſtones againſt the wind;
For though ſhe wiſe and healthy knew him,
Dido had nothing to ſay to him.
'Tis true, the field he had great flocks on,
Sheep, goats and cows, horſes and oxen;
With money ſtores, and other riches:
But one foul flaw he had in's breaches
Spoil'd all; for ſhe had heard the thing,
One time as ſhe was goſſiping,
As in ſuch matters, while you live,
Women will be inquiſitive:
Which was that he (as ſtory tells)
A rupture had in's teſticles,
Which was enough to make her hate him,
Nay, e'en as t'were abominate him.
When Fame had told him of the Trojan,
* Iarbas took it in ſuch dudgeon,
Such high abuſe and evil part,
He almoſt could have found in's heart
T'ave ta'en his knife, and in that paſſion
Whipp'd off his tools of generation,
And thought to have don't; but did not yet,
Like one that had in's anger wit:
But ſince to curſe it was no boot,
Would try if praying would not do't.

---

* *Iſque amens animi, & rumore accenſus amaro,*

* And therefore thus, in heavy ghear,
Made his caſe known to Jupiter:
" † O Jupiter, moſt great and able,
" Whoſe health I ev'ry day at table
" Drink once or twice! Doſt thou (O where is
" Thy ſight!) not ſee what doing here is;
" ‡ Shall we, when thou thunder'ſt, doſt think,
" So as to ſour all our drink;
" And when the clouds in ſtorm do burſt,
" Not care, but bid thee do thy worſt?
" || A wand'ring women that had ſcarce
" A rag to hang upon her ———
" When ſhe came hither firſt, and wou'd
" Have then been glad to ——— for food;
" Is now forſooth ſo proud (what elſe!)
" And ſtands ſo on her pantables,
" § That ſhe has ſaid me nay moſt ſlightly,
" And (on the very nonce to ſpite me)
" Has marry'd a ſpruce youth, they ſay,
" (Whom ſome ill wind blew that way)
" One 'ſquire Æneas a great kelf
" Some wandering hangman like herſelf:

---

* *Dicitur ante aras* ———
Multa Jovem *manibus ſupplex orâſſe ſupinis;*
† Jupiter *omnipotens, cui nunc Maurusia pictis*
Gens epulata toris, Lenæum libat honorem,
Adſpicis hæc? an te, genitor, cùm fulmina torques,
Nequicquam horremus?
——— ‡ *Cæcique in nubibus ignes*
Terrificant animos, & inania murmura miſcent?
|| *Fœmina, quæ noſtris errans in finibus* ———
——— § *Connubia noſtra*
Reppulit, ac dominum Æneam in regna recepit.

* And

" * And now this ſwabber, by the maſkins,
" Thunder's up Dido's gally-gaſkins,
" Whilſt I (for ſtill thou deafiſh art to't)
" May pray, and pray, and pray my heart out."

† Thus woefully Iarbas pray'd,
Whilſt Jove heard every word he ſaid;
And turning ſtraight his eyes to Tyre,
To look for Dido and her 'ſquire,
All in a chamber finely matted,
He very fairly ſpy'd 'em at it.
At which, as 't were, ſomewhat in fury,
He calls his nimble youth Mercury,
‡ And thus beſpoke him: " firrah, hear ye,
" Put on the Wings that uſe to bear ye,
" And cut away to Carthage quickly,
" Where th' Trojan does with the great ——— lie.
" § Tell him from me that his ſmug mother
" Did paſs her word that he another
" Manner of life and converſation
" Should lead, and leave this occupation.

---

* *Et nunc ille Paris* ———
———*Rapto potitur; nos munera templis*
Quippe tuis ferimus, famamque fovemus inanem.
† *Talibus orantem dictis, arâſque tenentem*
Audit omnipotens, oculòſque ad mœnia torſit
Regia, & oblitos famæ melioris amantes.
‡ *Tuuc ſic* Mercurium *alloquitur, ac talia mandat:*
Vade, age, nate, voca Zephyros, *& labere penuis,*
Dardaniúmque ducem, Tyriâ Carthagine *qui nunc*
Expectat, ———
Alloquere, & celeres defer mea dicta per auras.
‖ *Non illum nobis genitrix pulcherrima talem*
Promiſit ———

* Or

" * Or twice the Græcian cavaliers
" Had beaten's brains about his ears,
" E're this; and tell him more, † that he
" Who means to conquer Italy,
" Muſt with his work go thorough ſtitches,
" And not run hunting after bitches;
" ‡ But if he will not venture's pate,
" A rap or two for an eſtate,
" As by his pranks it doth appear,
" || Methinks tho' he might do't for's heir;
" § Aſk what the devil 'tis he means,
" To ſpend his time thus among queens;
" Not minding miſchiefs, or miſhaps,
" Nor fearing Dido's after claps.
" ** Bid him be trudging, he were beſt:
" If I come to him, I proteſt,
" I'll ſend him packing elſe, ſnch new-ways,
" He ſhall remember me theſe two days."

†† This ſaid, Jove need not bid him twice,
Away he trips it in a trice,

——* *Graiúmque ideo his vindicat armis,*
† *Sed fore, qui gravidam imperiis, bellóque frementem,*
Italiam *regret, genus alto à ſanguine Teucrî*
Proderet, ac totum ſub leges mitteret orbem.
‡ *Si nulla accendit tantarum gloriâ rerum,*
Nec ſuper ipſe ſuâ moliture laude laborem
Aſcanió-*ne pater* Romanas *invidet arces?*
Nec prolem Auſoniam, & Lavinia *reſpicit arva?*
|| *Quid ſtruit; aut qua ſpe inimica in gente moratur?*
** *Naviget: hæc ſumma eſt, hic noſtri nuncius eſto.*
†† *Dixerat. Ille patris magni parêre parabat*
Imperio——

* To

* To make them ready to be gone:
And firſt his pumps he faſten'd on;
Which being neatly pink'd and cut,
And finely fitted on his foot:
Had wings ty'd on with thongs of leather,
Or tacking ends, I know not whether,
Which he could fly withal as well,
As he'd been brought up to't from th' ſhell.
† Then in his hand he takes a thick bat.
With which he us'd to play at kit-cat,
To beat men's apples from their trees,
With twenty other roguries;
Beſides (as rake-hells will abuſe days)
To throw at cocks upon ſhrove-tueſdays.

‡ Thus dight, he like a partridge ſprings,
Cutting the air with nimble wings:
'Twas well his care had ty'd 'em faſt,
Elſe ten to one he'd flown his laſt:
No ſwallow could have over-gone him,
He flew as if a hawk had flown him,
Until he ſaw a very high hill,
A higher hill by far than my hill;
‖ Atlas 'twas call'd, ſo high a one
That Pen-men-maure's a Cherry-ſtone

---

* ——— *Et primum pedibus talaria nectit*
Aurea: quæ ſublimem alis, ſive æquora ſuprà
Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
† *Tum virgam capit; hac animas ille evocat Orco*
Pallentes, alias ſub triſtia Tartara mittit,
Dat ſomnos adimitque, & lumina morte reſignat.
‡ *Illâ fretus agit ventos, & turbida tranat*
Nubila ———
‖ *Jamque volens apicem, & latera ardua cernit*
Atlantis *duri* ———

Compar'd

Compar'd: you could not thruſt a knife
'Twixt heav'n and it, to ſave your life;
* It props the ſky as Virgil marks,
Or elſe 'tis thought we ſhould have larks:
† Here firſt did Mercury alight,
To bait and reſt him after's flight;
Where having prun'd his heels a little,
And ſmooth'd his plumes with * faſting ſpittle,
‡ From whence he took another freak,
As if he meant to break his neck,
‖ Even as a hawk herſelf doth carry
From kill ducks place to ſtop her quarry:
So Mercury, to mortal view,
Himſelf from Atlas headlong threw.
Stones caſt by fam'd Pariſian ſlinger,
Compar'd to him, would ſeem to linger;
And arrows loos'd from Grub-ſtreet bow
In Finſbury, to him are ſlow:
Nay, lightning darted from above,
With flaming tail from angry Jove,
Would in compariſon appear
To creep like lazy loiterer.
§ The firſt place, after this vagary,
He lighted on, was Dido's dairy:

* 'Tis conceived he did that before he baited

---

* ——— *Cælum qui vertice fulcit.*
† *Hic primùm paribus nitens* Cyllenius *alis*
Conſtitit · ‡ *Hinc toto præceps ſe corpore ad undas*
Miſit; ‖ *Avi ſimilis, quæ circùm litora circum*
Piſcoſos ſcopulios, humilis volat æquora juxta:
Haud aliter terras inter cælumque volabat,
Litus arenoſum Libyæ, *ventóſque ſecabat.*
§ *Ut primum alatis tetigit Magnalia plantis;*
Æneam *fundantem arces, ac tecta novantem*
Conſpicit —— ——

Whence

Whence he Æneas ſoon did ſpy,
Ordering her highneſs' huſbandry:
He took upon him as her ſpouſe,
And vapour'd like the man o'th' houſe;
For all the time as't came to paſs,
In quarrel high engag'd he was,
And ready in his fumigation,
(As hiſtories do make relation)
To fall to logger-heads, as't appears,
With a few ſaucy carpenters,
Who building were an houſe of eaſe,
For Dido in neceſſities:
They would not follow his advice,
* (As workmen ſtill are otherwiſe)
Which made him foam and flirt out ſpittle,
Becauſe they made the holes too little.
† Down hanging by his ſide he had
A dangerous bright-brown flaſhing Blade;
'T had been new furbiſh'd up at Tyre,
A better never paſs'd the fire.
‡ Upon his back he had a jerkin
Lin'd through and through with ſable merkin,
Giv'n as a preſent by the queen:
It had indeed her huſband's been;
But neither by the nap, nor tearin g
Was it a pin the worſe for wearing,
This (as of either queen or king,
Vile people will be cenſuring)

——* *Illi ſtellatus iaſpide fulvâ*
Enſis erat ——
——‡ *Tyrioque ardebat murice læna*
Demiſſa ex humeris: Dives quæ manera Dido
Fecerat, & tenni telas diſcreverat auro.

Was

Was given Æneas for a charm,
And though the queen might think no harm,
Yet ſome have given a parlous hint
Of a ſtrange hidden virtue in't.
Equipp'd thus fine, Mercury found him,
* And roundly in his ears thus round him:

" Thou here thyſelf moſt buſy makes,
" In buildiug for the queen a jakes,
" But never think'ſt, ſuch thy wiſeneſs,
" What will become of thine own buſineſs;
" The thunder-thumper, who, by threaves,
" Makes men to quake like aspen leaves:
" † He whom the reſt o'th' Gods do honour,
" Has ſent me from Olympus' manor,
" To aſk thee what thou doſt intend,
" Thy time thus wickedly to ſpend;
" And loiter here like a hum-drum.
" Not carring what thou doſt nor whom.
" ‡ He ſays, though fearful as a ſtranger,
" Thy coxcomb thou'lt not bring in danger,
" To mend thy ſtate or get thy living
" By any honeſt way of thriving:

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* *Continuo invadit: Tu nunc* Carthaginis *altæ*
Fundamenta locas, pulchrámque uxoribus urbem
Extruis, (heu) regni rerúmque oblite tuarum.
Ipſe Deûm tibi me claro demittit Olympo
Regnator, cælum & terras qui numine torquet.
† *Ipſe hæc ferre jubet celeres mandata per auras:*
Quid ſtruis? aut quâ ſpe Libycis teris otia terris?
‡ *Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum,*
Nec ſuper ipſe tuâ — &c. —

* He

" * In winter too, o'er bluſt'ring ſeas,
" When it 'twixt two a bed doth freeze.
" † What though thou hadſt, as thou haſt none,
" A houſe to go to, of thine own,
" Coud'ſt find yet in thy heart to 'reave me
" Of thy dear company, and leave me ?
" ‡ By this ſalt rheum thou ſeeſt, that wets
" My cheeks, and by the hand that ſweets,
" That b—— fiſt, that has been laid
" So oft, where now ſhall not be ſaid ;
" I'm brief, by the whole matter's carriage,
" And by the earneſt of our marriage ;
" And by thoſe ſweet delights we ſtole,
" When the rain drove me into th' hole ;
" || If that bout pleas'd thee, or ſince any,
" Which (Jove forgive us) have been many,
" I do beſeech thee, Trojan fine,
" Not to undo both me and mine.
" § For thy ſweet ſake the knaviſh lybians,
" The Tyrians, and the vile Numidians,

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* *Quin etiam hiberno moliris ſidere claſſem,*
Et mediis properas Aquilonibus ire per altum,
Crudelis ? † *Quid, ſi non arva aliena domóſque*
Ignotas peteres ? ——
Mene fugis ? ‡ *Per ego has lacrymas, dextrâmque tuam,*
Per Connubia noſtra, per inceptos Hymenæos.
|| *Si benè quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam*
Dulce meum ; miſerere domûs labentis ; ——
Oro, ſi quis adhuc precibus locus, ——
§ *Te propter* Lybicæ *gentes Nomadúmque Tyranni*
Odere, infenſi Tyrii ; *te propter eundem*
Extinctus pudor, ——

" In the midſt of which is my abode,
" Hate me as one would hate a toad,
" For the I firſt forewent all ſhame.
" || And that I liv'd by my good name;
" And wilt thou, having ſpent thy ardor,
" And eat me out of houſe and harbour,
" * So baſely to my foes betray me,
" And neither ſtay with me, nor pay me?
" † No ſooner ſhall thy back be turn'd.
" But all my buildings ſhall be burn'd
" That Rogue Pigmalion will ha' me,
" Or elſe Iarbas here will ta' me;
" If (as we oft have ventur'd it,
" I had but a big belly yet)
" A little Trojan coming on,
" To play withal when thou art gone,
" Then let the rogues do what they durſt do,
" I ſhould have ſomething yet to truſt to."
Æneas, ta'n thus baſely tardy,
‡ Turn'd pale, and like a ſtuck pig ſtar'd ye;
He could not ſtand upright, but lean,
One might have fell'd him with a bean;

——— || *Et, quâ ſolâ ſidera adibam,*
Fama prior:
——— * *Cui me moribnndum deſeris, hoſpes?*
† *Quid moror? an mea* Pygmalion *dum mœnia frater*
Deſtruat? aut captam ducat Getulus Iarbas?
Saltem, ſiqua mihi de te ſaſcepta fuiſſet
Ante fugam ſoboles, ſiquis mihi parvulus aurâ
Luderet Æneas, ———
Non equidem omninò capta aut deſerta viderer.
——— † *Ille Jovis montis immota tenebat*
Lumina, & obnixus curam ſub corde premebat.

Nay, he was ſtruck ſo at her ſpeeches,
Some ſay he did defile his breaches,
His bowels did ſo yearn upon her;
But, being that may wound his honour,
I'll not affirm it, but proceed,
To tell you what he ſaid and did;
Much was he mov'd at Dido's words,
Which ſtabb'd him through and through like
Much griev'd to ſee her weep and ſob ſo,
To throw about her ſnout, and throb ſo:
But, Merc'ry's meſſage more prevailing
Than her colloguing or her railing,
After a many fine good-morrows.
† He thus began to ſalve her ſorrows;

" Should I" (quoth he) " O queen, deny,
" That thou'rt the flow'r of courteſy;
" Or any ſlanders vile contrive,
" I were the baſeſt knave alive.
" I muſt confeſs, that thou, O queen,
" To me, and to us all, haſt been
" More like a mother than a friend,
" So much I'll ſay, and there's an end;
" † And if I ever do forget ye,
" Or fail to drink a health to Betty,
" Let me be hang'd as high, or higher
" Than top of Carthage ſteeple-ſpire:

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* *Tandem pauca refert: Ego te, quæ plurima fa*
Enumerare vales, nunquam, Regina, negabo
Promeritam: ——
——— † *Nec me meminiſſe pigebit* Eliſæ,
Dùm memor ipſe mei, dùm ſpiritus hos reget artu

" * Few words are beſt; if you'll be civil.
" I'll tell the truth, and ſhame the devil.
" † I ne'er had thought, much leſs deſire,
" Baſely to build a ſconce at Tyre:
" And ſteal away from thee my honey,
" ‡ But for the thing call'd matrimony,
" Although I did the thing you wot,
" Jove be my judge, I meant it not;
" Indeed I took it for a kindneſs,
" To be familiar with your highneſs:
" But if I ever thought of other,
" Than one good turn requires another;
" Or on ſuch terms e'er gave my ſiſt,
" I'm th' arranteſt Rogue that ever piſt.
" || I muſt confeſs that if it lay,
" In my own power, as one may ſay,
" That I had ſome good bargain made,
" And bound my ſon here to a trade,
" Plac'd all my followers, and therefore
" Had no one but myſelf to care for;
" I would as willingly match with you,
" As any women that I know;
" § But, as things ſtand, I needs muſt follow
" The counſel of my friend Apollo.

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* *Pro re pauca loquar* ———
——— † *Nec ego hanc abſcondere furto*
Speravi (ne finge) fugam ———
——— ‡ *nec conjugis nuquam*
Prætendi tædas, aut hæc in fœdera veni.
|| *Me ſi fata meis paterentur ducere vitam*
Auſpiciis, & ſponte meâ compouere curas:
§ *Sed nunc* Italiam *magnam* Grynæus Apollo,
Italiam Lyciæ *juſſere capeſſere ſortes:*
Hic amor, hæc patria eſt ———

" Who ſends me word I muſt convey me
" To Lycia with all ſpeed that may be,
" Where, by a dainty river's ſide,
" A farm lies ready cut and dry'd.
" Will hold both me and all my meany,
" And cheap as forty eggs a penny,
" There then, in downright truth, do I
" Intend to live and occupy.
" * And if ſo be that you, who are ſage,
" Delight ſo in your town of Carthage;
" Why ſhould it be in us ſo great ſin,
" Who have no houſe to thruſt our pates in,
" To travel to a foreign nation,
" For ſome convenient habitation?
" † I can no ſooner go o'nights
" To bed (Jove bleſs us all from ſprights)
" But that, ere I can frame to ſnore,
" My father's ghoſt comes through the door,
" Though ſhut as ſure as hands can make it,
" And leads me ſuch a fearful racket,;
" I ſtew all night in my own greaſe,
" So that your maids may, if they pleaſe
" Wring from my ſhirt wherein I wallow,
" Each morning-tide as much good tallow,
" As well would liquor all their ſandals,
" And make beſide ſix pound of candles.

——— * *ſi te* Carthaginis *arces*
Phœniſſam, Lybicæque aſpectus detinet urbis;
Quæ tandem, Auſoniâ Teucros conſidere terrâ,
Invidia eſt? & nos fas extera quærere Regna.
† *Me Patris Anchiſæ, quoties humentibus umbris*
Nox operit terras, quoties aſtra ignea ſurgunt,
Admonet in ſomnis; & turbida terret Imago;
Me puer Aſcanius, ———

And

" And all this is to have me gone,
" And not ſtay here t' undo my ſon:
" * Beſides not paſt an hour ago,
" Jove ſent his lacquey to me too;
" I ſaw him fly, I'll † take my oath,
" (And man has but his faith and truth)
" As plainly o'er your dairy-top,
" As e'er I ſaw him on the rope;
" And heard him ſpeak as plain but e'en now,
" As I hear you, or you hear me now:
" ‡ Then let me be ſo much beholding
" Unto your grace to leave your ſcolding;
" For I this voyage undertake,
" Even like a bear that's drawn to th' ſtake."

This ſaid the queen in wrathful wiſe,
Rolling about her goggle eyes,
As ſhe would throw 'em in his face,
Unto her fury thus gave place:

" Stinkard" (quoth ſhe) " now thy falſe heart
" Shews what a cheating knave thou art,
" The ſymptoms of a rogue thou haſt all,
" Thou a Trojan, thou a raſcal!

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* *Nunc etiam interpres Divûm*, Jove *miſſus ab ipſo*,
——— *Celeres mandata per auras*
Detulit: ———
† *Teſter utrumque caput* ———
——— *Ipſe Deum manifeſto in lumine vidi*
Intrantem muros, vocémque his auribus hauſi.
‡ *Deſine méque tuis incendere téque querelis;*
Italiam *non ſponte ſequor*
‖ *Talia dicentem jamdudum averſa tuetur,*
Hùc illùc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat
Luminibus tacitis, & ſic accenſa profatur:

" * No man or women of good faſhion,
" E'er coupled for thy procreation;
" But whelp't thou wert of Tinker's bitch,
" Under ſome hedge, or in ſome ditch:
" Nay, I'll not balk you, Sir; nor care,
" For all you look ſo big, and ſtare:
" Let thy foul hide with malice burſt,
" I do defy thee do thy worſt,
" † Inſtead of ſighing in this caſe,
" Full four thou belcheſt in my face:
" And thou ſo ſtubborn art and canker'd,
" Thou ſhed'ſt no tears, but tears o'th' tankard.
" Had'ſt thou but counterfeited paſſion,
" To ſignify commiſeration.
" Or offer'd but a ſour face, it
" Had been a ſign of ſome ſmall grace yet:
" But like a logger-headed lubber,
" Thou grinning ſtand'ſt, and ſeeſt me blubber:
" ‡ And Jove nor Juno, for aught I ſee,
" Will neither of 'em both chaſtiſe thee,
" || There's no truth in this age we live in:
" A wand'ring beggar hither driven;
" Who had, when weak as he could crawl,
" No croſs to bleſs himſelf withal;

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* *Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec* Dardanus *auctor,*
Perfide: ſed auris genuit te cautibus horren
Caucaſus, Hyrcanæque admòrunt ubera Tigres.
Nam quid diſſimulo?
† *Num fletu ingemuit noſtro? num lumina flexit?*
Num lachrymas victus dedit; aut miſeratus amantem eſt?
——— ‡ *Jamam nec maxime* Juno,
Nec Saturnius *hæc oculis pater aſpicit æquis*
|| *Nuſquam tuta fides! Ejectum litore, egentem*
Excepi, ———

I have

" I have receiv'd to bed and board,
" Feaſted and clad him like a Lord,
" § And like a ſimple hair brain'd jade)
" This youth hail fellow with me made;
" And now, forſooh, he cannot ſtay,
" Apollo bids him runaway;
" * Nay, though I have, in friendly wiſe,
" Cur'd his men's ſcabs, and kill'd their lice;
" † Yet having now fallen to his lot,
" A good rich farm lies piping hot,
" Should he ſtay here, it would undo him,
" And Jove has ſent his footman to him:
" As if the deities were ſo
" Concern'd they'd nothing elſe to do,
" But ſend their lacqueys, and their pages,
" To him on how-d'ye's and meſſages.

" But I'll waſte on the no more breath,
" For whom the winds that fumes beneath,
" Is far too ſweet: Avaunt! thou ſlave
" Thou lying, coney-catchiug knave,
" Be moving, do as thou haſt told me!
" ‡ No-body here intends to hold thee!
" || Go, ſeek thy farm, I hope 'twill be
" I'th' very bottom of the ſea:

——— § *Et regni demens in parte tocavi:*
——— *Nunc augur* Apollo.
* *Amiſſam claſſem, ſocios à morte reduxi.*
† *Nunc* Lyciæ *ſortes, nunc &* Jove *miſſus ab ipſo*
Interpres Divûm fert horrida juſſa per auras,
Scilicet in ſuperis labor eſt; ea cura quietos
‡ *I ſequere* Italiam *ventis,* ———
——— *Neque te teneo* ———
——— || *Pete regna per undas,*
Spero equidem mediis. ———
Supplicia hauſurum ſcopulis

" But ſhould'ſt thou 'ſcape, and not in dike lie,
" Drown'd like a puppy, as 'tis likely,
" Since in the proverb old 'tis found,
" Who's born to hang, will ne'er be drown'd!
" Yet ſhould'ſt thou not be much the nigher;
" * I'll haunt thee like a going fire,
" As ſoon as I can turn t' a ghoſt,
" Which will be in a week at moſt:
" Then in the midnight ſleep I'll wake thee,
" And ride thee worſe than any hackney.
" I'll terrify thee day and night;
" Nay, if thou doſt but go to ———
" There will I ſtand with flaming taper,
" To fizzle thy tail inſtead of paper.
" † I'll make thee rue the time that e'er
" Thou cam'ſt to play thy knave's tricks here."
‡ In the middle of this wrathful ſpeech,
Down drops queen Dido on her breech:
Her mouth was ſtopp'd, and on the ground
She ſilent lay in doleful ſwoond.
Shut were her eyes; nor had ſhe hearing
For what Æneas was || preparing,
Upon this pitiful occaſion,
To ſay in's own juſtification.

——— * *Sequar atris ignibus abſens:*
Et, cùm frigida mors animâ ſeduxerit artus,
Omnibus umbra locis adero, ———
‡——— † *Dabis, improbe, pœnas,*
His medium dictis ſermonem abrumpit, & auras
Ægra fugit. ———
|| *Linquens multa metu cunctantem, & multa parantem*
Dicere, ———

In

In haſte the Tyrians all advance
To wake her grace out of a trance;
They try'd to raiſe her in ſuch ſort
As when men cry Le Corps eſt mort:
But here the charm would not prevail,
They could not raiſe her from her tail:
For though full light when her own women,
Yet, in this heavy dump was no man
Could raiſe her up, though ne'er ſo mighty,
Sorrow had made her bum ſo weighty.

* At laſt a crew of ſtrapping jades
That were, or ſhould have been, her maids,
Gath'ring her up, away convey'd her,
And, having in her own bed laid her,
With rugs they bolſter'd her about,
To try if ſhe could ſweat it out.
† Æneas, though 'twas his deſire
Something t'have ſaid might pacify her,
And though his heart did bleed within him,
To think of what had paſs'd between 'em,
‡ Yet, becauſe Jove ſo loud did threaten,
He ſooner durſt his nails have eaten,
Having ſo terribly been chidden,
Than not t'have done as he was bidden:
Therefore in haſte his hoſteſs beck'ning,
To come and bring 'em in a reck'ning.

——— * *Suſcipiunt famulæ, collapſáque membra*
Marmoreo referunt thalamo, ſtratíſque reponunt.
† *At pius* Æneas, *quanquam lenire dolentem*
Solando cupit, & dictis avertere curas;
Multa gemens, magnóque animun labefactus amore:
‡ *Juſſa tamen divûm exſequitur,* ———

Sraight to the wharf repairs the hot-ſhot,
|| Without once calling for his ſhot-pot.

The Trojans now, by this commiſſion,
Launch all their boats with expedition;
You now upon the ocean might ſee
§ The new-greas'd wherries ſwim moſt tightly.
They had new made 'em fine long poles,
New pitch'd their oars, and made new thoules:
Though many things were left undone,
* They were ſo eager to be gone.
† Then might you ſee 'em make their ſallies
From Carthage-town, thro' lanes and alleys
Stealing away with loud intentions,
To cheat the Tyrians of their penſions,
Fearing their landladies would brabble,
And dun 'em for their quarter's table.
‡ As hedge-hogs when they go to th' wood,
To fetch a hoard of winter-food,
Return well laden with their vict'les,
Fine yellow crabs, ſtuck round their prickles;
Ev'n ſo the Trojans, without doubt,
Were at this ſeaſon hung about

——— || *Claſtemque reviſit.*
Tum vero Teucri, incumbunt & litore celſas
Deducunt toto naves:
——— § *Natat uncta carina:*
Frondentéſque ferunt remos, & robora ſylvis
Infabricata. ———
——— * *Fugæ ſtudio.*
† *Migrantes cernas, totáque ex urbe ruentes.*
‡ *Ac veluti ingentem formicæ farris acervum*
Cum populant, hyemis memores, tectòque reponunt:
It nigrum campis agmen, prædûmque per herbas
Convectans calle anguſto, pars grandia trudunt
Obnixæ frumenta humeris; pars ———

With

With fardles, bundles, bags, and wallets,
To cloath their backs and feed their palates.
* But what thought Dido in this caſe,
When thus ſhe ſaw them ſlink their ways?
From garret-window ſaw 'em row,
And heard them crying "eaſtward hoe!"
† To ſee how love makes folks do things,
Againſt the hair, againſt the ſhins!
For ſhe, though full of indignation,
To be forſaken in this faſhion;
And had ſhe known but how to get him,
Could doubtleſs without ſalt have eat him:
Yet ne'ertheleſs, love over-ruling,
‡ She ſell again to her own puling;
And once more meant to try if pity
Would not recall him to the city.
"Look thee" (quoth ſhe) "where he (my Nancy)
"Whoſe able parts I do much fancy,
"Has truſs'd up all his tools together,
"To carry 'em the Lord knows whither.
"|| Hark how his rabble gang do ſhout,
"And ſhove a-ſtern to haſten out;
"A rout of baſe unthankful peaſants!
"The Devil cut their yelping weazens:

---

* *Quis tibi nunc* Dido, *cernenti talia ſenſus?*
——— *Cum litora fervere laté*
Proſpiceres arce ex ſummâ, totumqúe videres
Miſceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus æquor?
† *Improbe AMOR, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?*
‡ *Ire iterùm in lacrymas, iterùm tentare precando*
Cogitur, ——— ———
Nequid inexpertum, fruſtrá moritura, relinquat.
§ [illegible], *vides toto proſpicari litore circúm.*
|| ——— *Vocas [illegible] carbaſus auras,*
Puppibuè & læti nautæ impoſuère coronas.

The

" The brawling raſcals egg him on,
" And make him madder to be gone.
" Had I once dreamt the tearing devil
" Could ever have been ſo uncivil,
" Thus, like a jade, to break his tether,
" I ſhould have kept my legs together;
" Or have made bold t' have ty'd him faſter,
" To the due limits of his paſture:
" * But ſince he holds me at a diſtance,
" I beg thy ſiſterly aſſiſtance;
" Thou know'ſt the temper of the block-head,
" And to a hair canſt fit his pocket:
" Therefore (dear Nancy) I implore thee,
" If e'er thou'lt do any thing for me,
" † Run to the Wharf with might and main,
" And try to bring him back again:
" I promiſe, thee, and if I break
" My word, pray Jove I break my neck,
" ‡ If thou can'ſt bring him to my bow,
" I'll give thee for thy pains a cow.
" || Tell him I e'er had more diſcretion,
" Than to join iſſues with the Grecian:

---

* —— *Soror* —— *miſeræ hoc tamen unum*
Exequere, Anna, *mihi; ſolam nam perfidus ille*
Te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere ſenſus;
Sola viri molles aditus & tempora nôras.
† *I, ſoror, atque hoſtem ſupplex affare ſuperbum:*
‡ *Extremam hanc oro veniam (miſerere ſororis)*
Quam mihi cùm dederis, cumulatem morte remittam.
|| *Non ego cum* Danais Trojanam *exſcindere gentem*
Aulide juravi claſſemve ad Pergama *miſi:*
Nec parris Anchiſæ *cineres manèſve revelli.*
Cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in aures?

" I neither did meddle nor make,
" But as they brew'd, ſo let them bake:
" Nor did I e'er make ſkittle pin-bones,
" Or bobbin's of Anchiſes' ſhin-bones;
" Why ſhould he then, without all ſenſe,
" Thus uſe me like a kitchen-wench?
" * I would but beg a kindneſs from him:
" † I will no more claim promiſe on him:
" But only that he'll tarry here,
" Half, or a quarter of a year;
" Whereby I may, before he go,
" ‡ Wean myſelf from a bedfellow:
" Or (if my conſtitution can
" Not well ſubſiſt without a man)
" Until I can myſelf ſupply,
" With one to do my drudgery:
" I'll aſk no further obligation,
" ‖ But let him to his navigation;
" He may to Latium then addreſs,
" And ſwim or ſink, all's one to Beſs."
§ Scarce had the woeful Dido done,
When Nan prepar'd her to be gone;
She tucks her coats about her haunches,
And to the water-ſide advances;
She tripp'd ſo neatly to the pier,
It would have done one good to ſee her:
One would have thought ſhe'd gone in haſte
Midwife to fetch, ſhe went ſo faſt.

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* —— *Extremum hoc miſeræ det munus amanti:*
† *Non jam conjugium antiquuam, quod prodidit, oro;*
Tempus inane peto requiem ſpatiùmqae; ——
‡ *Dùm mea me victam doceat fortuna dolere.*
‖ *Nec pulchro ut* Latio *careat, regnùmque relinquat;*
§ *Talibus orabat, taléſque miſerrima fletus*
Fértque refértque ſoror ——

At laſt ſhe came unto the place
Where Dido's dear Æneas was :
She found him ſet among his mates,
The reſt o' th' Trojan runagates,
Puff'd like a foot-ball with vain-glory,
Roaring and drinking tory-rory ;
Like one that knew a pot i' th' pate
Would be a mile or two o' th' gate.

The Trojan had no ſooner ſpy'd her,
But though he could not well abide her,
Yet, 'cauſe he would part fairly with her,
He aſk'd what wind had blown her thither.

She, putting finger in her eye,
(As women when they liſt can cry)
Told him in what a ſad condition
Her ſiſter was ; her laſt petition ;
And pray'd him, as he was a true man,
Not to undo a proper woman.
* But ſhe might e'en have ſav'd her juice,
And kept her tears for better uſe.
† His reſolution ſtill oppoſes,
He would go, 'ſpite of all their noſes ;
‡ And like to hemp, which, as I take it,
The more you twiſt, you ſtrongeſt make it :

---

* ——— *Sed nullus ille movetur*
Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit.
——— *Lachrymæ volvuntur inanes,*
† *Fata obſtant, &c.*
‡ *Ac veluti annoſo validam cum robore quer cum*
Alpini Boreæ nunc hinc, nunc flatibus Illinc
Eruere inter ſe certant, &c. ———
Ipſa hæret ſcopulis : &c.
Haud ſecus aſſiduis hinc atque hinc vocibus heros
Tunditur. ———
Mens immota manet, ———

Ev'n

Ev'n ſo, the more ſhe try'd to twine him,
She ſtill more obſtinate did find him.

‡ Then Dido madder grew and madder,
No friends ſhe had could now perſuade her;
She ſtamp'd and ſtar'd, as ſhe were wood,
And in her melancholy mood,
Calling to mind, in woeful wiſe,
Æneas and his treacheries,
How often he had ſtabb'd her honour,
That men would now make ballads on her;
She was reſolv'd without delay,
* Fairly to make herſelf away,
And meant to put her reſolution
Into moſt tragic execution.

She had, alas! too juſt incitement
Thus to prefer her own indictment;
And reaſon good, by all relation,
Thus to proceed to condemnation:
For ſuch portents, and dire preſages,
As ſtill have been diſaſter's pages,
Foretold her overthrow ſo plainly,
She ſaw t' oppoſe it would in vain be.

† She call'd to waſh, and do you think?
The water turn'd as black as ink:
And that by chance, being churning-day,
Her cream moſt ſtrangely turn'd to whey!

---

‡ *Tùm verò infelix fatis exterrita* Dido
* *Mortem orat: tædet cæli convexa tueri.*
Quó magis inceptum peregat, lucémque relinquat,
† *Vidit, thuricremis cùm dona imponeret aris,*
Horrendum dictu! lat ces nigreſcere ſacros;
Fuſáque in obſcœnum ſe vertere vina cruorem,
Hoc viſum nulli, non ipſi effata ſorori.

This

This Dido ſaw, but would by no means
Tell her own ſiſter of the omens;
But that which gave the moſt perſuasion,
Unto her full determination,
Was this: ſhe kept Sichæus' bones
In a great coffer made o' th' nonce,
As ſundry others have the like
By way of ſuperſtitious relick,
In a dark cellar under-ground;
* From whence each night a diſmal ſound
Pierc'd Dido's tender ear, and wiſh'd her,
Nay, like a huſband admoniſh'd her
To fit her for her latter end,
For why he told her as a friend,
That, in a very ſhort ſpace ſhe
Should of this world no woman be.
† The ſcreech owls too were her moleſters,
Who ſtill were chaunting out their veſpers;
‡ Beſides, ſhe had her fortune told her,
When 'bout ſome dozen or ſo, no older;
That ſhe ſhould but one huſband have,
And, after that, a ſcurvy knave
Should ſteal her honour, like a thief,
And make her hang herſelf for grief:
Theſe ſad portents falling ſo thick,
And pat on one another's neck.

---

* *Hinc exaudiri voces, & verba vocantis*
Viſa viri, nox cùm terras obſcura tenere:
† *Solâque culminibus ferali carmine bubo*
Sæpa queri, ———
‡ *Multàque præterea vatum prædicta priorum*
Terribili monitu horrificant. ———

Put

Put the poor Queen beſides her ſenſes,
As a juſt plague for her offences.
* She dreams Æneas now is going,
Like a falſe friend to her undoing,
And that ſhe muſt, when Trojan goes,
For ever loſe her play-fellows,
Which to the woman's cauſe ſufficient,
Let her be ne'er ſo well condition'd,
To raiſe her to extravagancies,
When ſhe muſt part with what ſhe fancies:
† E'en as the bitch's fury up is,
When people come to ſteal her puppies:
So far'd the wrathful Queen that day,
When Dido muſt be ta'en away:
She was ſo much concern'd about him,
She could not, would not, live without him;
But, in her deſp'rate reſolutions,
‡ Would hang herſelf to try concluſions.
The time and manner ſhe projected,
And, that ſhe might not be ſuſpected,
She ſmugg'd her viſage up with ſmiles,
And thus her ſiſter Nan beguiles.

---

* ——— *agit ipſe furentem*
In ſomnis ferus Æneas; ſempérque relinqui
Sola ſibi, ſemper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam, ———
† Eumenidum *veluti demens videt agmina* Pentheus,
Aut Aagamemnonius *ſcenis agitatus* Oreſtes,
Ergo ubi concepit furias, ———
‡ *Decrevítque mori; tempus ſecum ipſa modúmque*
Exigit, & mœſtum dictis aggreſſa ſororem,
Conſilium vultu tegit, ac ſpem fronte ſerenat:

* Nancy

" Nancy" (quoth ſhe) " I've found at laſt,
" A way, for all Æneas' haſte,
" If thou in the exploit wilt join,
" Shall pay him back in his own coin,
" And bring him back by our contriving,
" Since he's ſo goodly dead or living.
" Seeing the rogue my love diſgraces,
" I'll ſpoil his ſport in other places.

" ‡ A mile from hence or ſuch a ſpace,
" Down in a bottom of a place,
" Far out of all highways and roads,
" Where nothing breeds but frogs and toads,
" Snakes, adders, and ſuch wicked vermin,
" That (can they catch 'em) will not ſpare men:
" There, in a cave, lies an old || wretch,
" An ugly, rotten, toothleſs witch,
" So old, that one would think ſhe were
" The eldeſt Devil's grandmother.

" * Now this old beldam can do wonders;
" If ſhe but ſay the word, it thunders,

---

† *Inveni, germana, viam (gratare ſorori)*
Quæ mihi reduat eum, vel eo me ſolvat amantem.
‡ *Oceani finem juxta, ſolemque cadentem,*
Ultimus Æthiopum *locus eſt: ubi maximus* Atlas,
Axem humero torquet, ———
|| *Hinc mihi* Maſſyla *gentis monſtrata ſacerdos,*
Heſpericum templi cuſtos, epulàſque draconi
Quæ dabat, ———
Spargens humida mella ſoporiferùmque papaver.
* *Hæc ſe carminibus promittit ſolvere mentes*
Quas velit; aſt aliis duras immittere curas,
Siſtere aquam fluviis, & vertere ſidera retrò;
Noctúrnoſque ciet manes. Mugire videbis
Sub pedibus terram, & deſcendere montibus ornos.

Lightens,

" Lightens, or rains, or hails, or ſnows,
" Or any weather you'll ſuppoſe;
" She'll make a cowl-ſtaff by her ſpelling,
" Amble like any double gelding;
" And, in the deep o' th' night the baſe hag
" Can of a cudgel make a race nag;
" A walnut ſhe to ſea can rig out,
" And of an egg ſhell make a frigate;
" Nay, in a thimble ſtem the flood,
" Provide the thimble be of wood.
" She can where ſhe does owe a ſpight,
" Spoil any bridegrooms's wedding night,
" And the bride's longing diſappoint,
" By virtue of a cod-piece point.
" She can make people love or hate,
" Ev'n whom ſhe pleaſe, or at what rate;
" And by her magic and her ſpells,
" Make folks, to hang or drown themſelves.
" In ſhort, there's nothing that has ill in't,
" But ſhe has admirable ſkill in't,
" And does her miſchiefs too as quick
" As any juggler does a trick.
" * I take the gods to witneſs, ſiſter,
" I'm led into this courſe ſiniſter:
" Out of no end men wicked call,
" But only for revenge, that's all;
" And, ſince I am ſo baſely croſs'd,
" I'll have this hag or it ſhall coſt
" More than I'll ſpeak of; ſhe perchance
" May lead my Trojan ſuch a dance,

---

* *Teſtor, chara, Deos, & te, germana, tuúmque*
Dulce caput, magicas invitam accingier artes.

Shall

" Shall make him glad, as faſt as may be,
" To come again, and cry peccavi;
" Or make him hang himſelf at leaſt,
" For an example to the reſt
" O' th' tribe of falſe diſſembling yeomen,
" That take a pride to ruin women:
" And now by good luck, ſhe's hard by here,
" Come not an hour ago to Tyre,
" Sent for, it ſeems, about no ill deed,
" To bleſs a ſow that lies in child-bed;
" And I'll go fetch her by her favour,
" With a ſubpœna but I'll have her.
" * In the mean time go thou and tie
" Faſt to the great beam, where I lie,
" The beſt new halter thou canſt chooſe,
" And make a dainty running nooſe;
" Like that fell to the fellows ſhare,
" That made a woman of a mare.
" † Then take me out Æneas' raiment,
" All I have left in part of payment:
" His greaſy doublet, and his trouſes,
" Where many a wandering Trojan louſe is:
" The treaſure he has left behind him;
" In the great ſtanding preſs you'll find 'em;
" Stuff me 'em up with ſtraw or litter,
" The worſe the ſtuffing is the fitter;
" And ram the tatters with a vengeance,
" As people uſe to ram their engines:
" Make haſte and do as I have bid ye;
" I'll hang the raſcal in effigie:

---

* *Tu ſecreta Pyram tecto interiore ſub auras*
Erige, † *& armu viri, thalamo quæ fixa reliquit*
Impius, exaviaſque omnes, lectumque jugalem,
Quo perii, ſuperimponas: ———

So

" So I'm advis'd to do, and ſo
" * I mean to ſerve him, if I blow;
" Which, though I cannot reek my teen it.
" Will ſtay the ſtomach of my ſpleen yet."
† Thus having ſaid, the Queen chang'd colour,
No ghoſt could e'er look pitifuller:
One would have thought by her dejection,
And by her woeful wan complexion,
She had been going, juſt o' th' ſudden,
To drop, and give the crow a pudden.
‡ Nancy (although ſhe ſaw the Queen
Ready to burſt her hoops for teen)
And well enough mark'd how ſhe look'd too,
Yet, by her fine pretence, was rook'd ſo,
She did no further on't conſider,
|| But went about what ſhe had bid her;
Dreaming no more than her laſt even,
Dido had been ſo lewdly given.
Away therefore my laſs does trot,
And preſently an halter got,
Made of the beſt ſtrong hempen ſeer,
And, ere a cat could lick her ear,
Had tied it up with ſo much art,
As Dun himſelf could do for's heart:
The rope, and ſay 'twas got o' th' ſudden,
Did prove ſo ſpecial prime a good one,
That, with fair uſage, it might come
To hang up Carthage, all and ſome.

——— * *Abolere nefandi*
Cuncta viri monumenta jubet moſtrátque facerdos.
† *Hæc effata ſilet; pallor ſimul occupat ora.*
‡ *Non tamen* Anna *novis prætexere funera ſocris*
Germanum credit; nec tantos mente furores
Concipit; aut graviora timet ———
|| *Ergo juſſa parat:*

The Trojan doublet ſhe had till'd ſo,
'Twas very ſtrange the buttons held ſo;
And that the cramming of his breeches
Had not quite broken out the ſtitches,
His very ſtockings though they were,
About the feet, out of repair;
Yet ſhe made ſhift to ſtuff each ſtart-up,
And tie 'em to the reſt of's wardrobe:
* Having thus brac'd him like a drum,
She laid him out in Dido's room;
Diſplay'd upon a fair long board,
Ready when Dido gave the word,
To be advanc'd into the halter,
Without the benefit of Pſalter.
Scarce had ſhe thus diſpos'd her trinkums,
When up the ſtairs behold the Queen comes,
† Leading along the old rotten gammer,
Into her highneſs' matted chamber.

When ſhe was come, and ſaw the portly
Trophy in that moſt noble ſort lie,
As ſhe oft-times had ſeen the ſinner,
Lie gorg'd on benches after dinner;
She fell again into a paſſion,
Caus'd by a ſweet commemoration
Of paſt delights, ſeeing thoſe breeches,
And humbly the old gib beſeeches
To ſhew her utmoſt ſkill and cunning
To keep her Trojan dear from running.
The mumbling witch bid her not fear,
But reſt content, and of good chear,

---

* ——— *Exuvias, enſemque relictum,*
Effigiémque toro locat.
† *Stant aræ circúm, & crines effuſa ſacerdos.*

And

" And ſhe ſhould ſee ſhe'd make him ſtay,
" Or foul the art ſhould ſay her nay."
* With that the hag began her charm,
You would have thought ſhe'd had a ſwarm
Of waſps and hornets in her throat,
There came ſo ſtrange a humming out:
And, as ſhe ſpoke, her hollow chaps,
Bound up in two thin ſhrivell'd flaps
Of old abominable leather,
Like bellows heav'd and clapp'd together.
Her little eyes, being fiery red,
Were ſunk ſo far into her head,
They look'd, when moſt ſhe ſtar'd at full,
Like farthing-candles in a ſkull.
Her noſe hung like an arch, between
Her wrinkled forehead and her chin:
A craggy paſſage, and uncouth,
Over the dreadful gulph her mouth;
And elf-locks hung ſo on each ſhoulder,
'Twould make one tremble to behold her.

This witch a ribble-row rehearſes
Of ſcurvy names in ſcurvy verſes;
Which, by the manner of her mouthing,
Was certainly Burleſque, or nothing;
And in theſe rhymes, as round ſhe limps,
Calls her familiars and her imps,
† Sprinkling the chamber, in her motion,
With a rapid brackiſh lotion,

---

* *Tercentum tonat ore Deos, Erebúmque, Chaósque,*
Tergeminàmque Hecaten, *tria virginis ora* Dianæ.
† *Sparſerat, & latices ſimulatos fontis Averni:*

For aught I know, of her own making,
By her much ſtirring and pains taking.
‡ A red heart-breaker next ſhe mow'd off,
A wart that Dido was full proud of,
And burnt it for a ſtrong perfume,
And pow'rful ſpell to make him come.
Then hand in hand to dance they fall,
And grave and ſolemn magick brawl,
In ſuch hard figures none could tread 'em,
But the old hobbling hag that led 'em;
Poor Dido too, alas! made one,
Although her dancing days were done;
And, though oppreſs'd with woe and care, cut
Capers and tricotee'd it * barefoot;
† Imploring all the deities,
At every ſtep, both he's and ſhe's,
To turn Æneas back, and make him
Follow the work he'd undertaken;
Or, if he would not turn, t'afford
The grace to turn him over-board.
Thus to her footing the poor jade,
Out of all meaſure curs'd and pray'd,
Againſt her love had ſo offended,
Till dance and charm together ended.

---

‡ *Quæritur & naſcentis equi de fronte revulſus*
Et matri præreptus amor.
* *Unum exuta pedem vinclis, —— ——*
Teſtatur moritura Deos, ——
—— † *Túm, ſi quod non æquo fœdere amantes*
Curæ numen habet, juſtúmque memórque precatur.

* 'Twas

* 'Twas now the time when candles are
Repriev'd by the extinguiſher;
And ev'ry thing to ſleep down lies,
Dogs in their kennels, hogs in ſties;
And men and women reſt their heads
And heels, on flocks or feather-beds.
Now men and fiſhes, birds and beaſt,
And ev'ry thing was laid to reſt;
† All but the woeful Queen (alas;)
Who now was brought unto that paſs,
What with her love, and what with ſpite,
She could not ſleep one wink all night.
Her ſtomach now was piping hot,
‡ It boild and bubbled like a pot,
And did ſo ſtrong a wambling keep,
She fitter was to ſpew than ſleep.
Have not you ſeen an animal
Yclep'd an horſe, when in his ſtall,
The botts, that terrible diſeaſe,
Doth on his tender bowels ſeize,
What groans he fetches, and what pranks
He rolling plays upon the planks?
So Dido, croſs'd in her amours,
Tumbled away he ſleeping hours,

---

* *Nox erat, & placidum carpebant feſſa ſoporem*
Corpora per terras, ſilvaque et ſæva quierant
Æquora: ——
Cùm tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
Quæque lacus latè liquidos, quæque aſpera dumis
Rura tenent, ſomno poſitæ ſub nocte ſilenti
Lenibant curas, ——
† *At non infelix animi* Phœniſſa; *neque unquam*
Solvitur in ſomnos, oculiſve aut pectore noctem
Accipit: ——
—— ‡ *Magnòque irarum fluctuat æſtu.*

And thus 'gan rattle him: "thou lousy,
"Mangy, careless, drunken, drowsy
"Coxcomb! how oft must I be sent
"Hither from Jove to compliment
"Your worship to a rev'rent care
"Of the young bastard here, your heir;
"Whilst thou ly'st tippled, or tippling;
"Nor car'st what danger the poor stripling
"Lies open to. * Y'ad best snore on,
"Some body will be here anon:
"Take t'other nap, do, till the Queen come,
"She'll reckon with you for your in-come:
"She'll rouse ye, faith! and (goodman letcher)
"'Tis ten to one with a good stretcher
"About your ears: therefore, my loving
"Acquaintance, you were best be moving;
"† Upon my word th' advice is wholesome,
"Stay not until the angry soul come;
"For if thou dost, mark what I say,
"And be'st not gone before't be day,
"If Carthage ben't about your ears,
"‡ As soon as ever day appears,
"And do not thrash your back and side,
"Far worse than Agamemnon did

---

* *Potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos?*
Nec, quæ circumstent te deinde pericula, cernis?
Demens! - ----------
Illa dolos ---------- *--in pectore versat.*
† *Non fugis hinc præceps, dum præcipitare potestas!*
Eja age, rumpe moras:
‡ *Jam mare tubari trabibus, fævâsque videbis*
Collucere faces, &c.
Si te his attigerit terris Aurora morantem.

Those

" Thoſe of your women-ſtealing rabble,
" Give me but ſix-pence, if thou'rt able,
" And here's my hand, I do not ſport,
" I'll give thee twenty ſhillings for't."
* Thus having ſaid, away he flies,
Ere toſs-pot could unglue his eyes,
Which were ſo cemented in that caſe,
The page was got as far as Atlas
Back on his way, ere he could free 'em
From gowl and matter fit to ſee him:
But having ſtreak'd and yawn'd a while,
Snorted, and kept the uſual coil,
That drunkards uſe in ſuch-like caſes,
And made ſome dozen devil's faces;
At laſt he got his eyes unglew'd
In a pretty magnitude,
He ſtar'd about to ſee the viſion
Had giv'n the courteous admonition;
But 'twas ſo dark, as well it might,
Being 'twixt twelve and one at night;
That had the nimble courier
In kindneſs ſtaid his leiſure there,
Tho' clad in Falſtaff's Kendal green,
He could not poſſibly be ſeen.
† Æneas troubled herewithal,
Seeing he could not ſee at all,
Starts up from the tilt where he had lain,
And calls upon his mates amain.

---

* ..... *Sic fatus nocti ſe immiscuit atræ.*
† *Tum verò* Æneas, *ſubitis exterritus umbris,*
Corripit é ſomno corpus, ſociòſque fatigat.

" * Riſe, Sirs," quoth he, " and look about ye,
" † I've had from Jove another how d'ye.
" His man was here, and calls to go ſtill.
" His ſweaty pumps are in my noſe ſtill,
" He ſwears, and offers to lay odds on't,
" And, if he ſay't, I'll lay my ——— on't,
" That if we do not leave the dock,
" And get us hence by four o'clock,
" We ſhall be murder'd, if we were
" Ten times as many as we are:
" Therefore I think it not amiſs for's
" To launch, for there are rods in piſs for's
" Let us but ply our oars like tall men
" Till we be got clear out of all ken;
" Then, if they have a mind to lace us,
" Let Carthage, if they can, come trace us,
" ‡ And thou, O Jove (Top of my kin!)
" Who hitherto ſo kind haſt been,
" ‖ If now thou ſtick, and do not fail's,
" Let Dido whiſtle in our tails."

Thus having ſpoken, and thus pray'd,
† Forthwith he drew his doubty blade,
And at one ſlaſh, to all men's wonder,
Cut the boat's triple cord aſunder,

---

* *Præcipites vigilate viri,* ——
—— † *Deus æthere miſſus ab alto,*
Feſtinare fugam, tortóſque incidere funes
Ecce iterum ſtimulat. ——
—— ‡ *Sequimur te, ſancte Deorum,*
Quiſquis es, ——
‖ *Adſis, O, placidúſque juves, & ſidera cælo*
Dextra feras!
—— § *Dixit; vaginâque eripit enſem*
Fulmineum, ſtrictóque ferit retinacula ferro.

* At

* At which the gang, ſpurr'd by ſo ample,
So mighty and renown'd example,
Cut all the reſt, not ſtaying Brooks,
But let the devil take the hooks,
And, ſhipping oars, to work they fall,
Like men that row'd for good and all.
Had it been day, no doubt one might
Have then beheld a gallent ſight.
Neptune's great whiſkers had not been
So neatly † bruſh'd as they were then
Of many Years: crabs, that did neſt
Full deep therein, could take no reſt.
‡ They lather'd him in the great baſon,
So admirably well, that Jaſon,
Although he ſhav'd the golden fleece,
Ne'er waſh'd him half ſo well as theſe.

|| Aurora now, who, I muſt tell ye,
Was grip'd with dollars in her belly,
Starts from her couch, and o'er her head,
Slipping on petticoat of red,
Forth of her morning-doors ſhe goes,
In haſty wiſe to pluck a roſe;
When Dido, who was broad awake,
Hearing the ruſty hinges creak,
Ran to her § peeping-hole, to ſpy
What was become o' th' Trojan'ry.

---

* *Idem omnes ſimul ardor habet:*
—— *Rapiúntque, ruúntque:*
Litora deſeruére:
—— † *& cærula verrunt.*
‡ *Adnixi torquent ſpumas,*
|| *Et jam prima novo ſpargebat lumine terras*
Tithoni *croceum linquens* Aurora *cubile;*
§ *Regina è ſpeculis ut primùm albeſcere lucem*

But out, alas! * the devil a ſail
Was left i'th' port; bare as my nail
The dock was ſtripp'd; while far from ſhore
They row'd as they ne'er row'd before.
At which ſad ſight, in wrath God bleſs us!
† Tearing her dainty yellow treſſes,
She ſighing, ſaid, " was ever ſeen
" So pitiful an undone Queen!
" And ſhall this filthy Trojan royſter,
" Undo, as one would do an oyſter,
" Poor Dido thus, and run away,
" Maugre what I can do or ſay!
" Hey, how the treach'rous wenching knave
" Bounces and vaults from wave to wave,
" As he were making ducks and drakes,
" With wherries upon Neptune's lakes!
" The devil ſure farts in his poop,
" And puffs his kicking Sculler up;
" Or elſe ſome dirty ſuburb drab
" Has help'd the raſcal to a clap.
" And ſent a running nag to ſea,
" He could not elſe make ſo much way.
" ‡ Cannot I burn or ſink their floats,
" A louſy fleet of rotten boats!
" Yes, I'm a Queen: to ſea, my people
" Let none remember he's a cripple:

---

* *Vidit, & æquatis claſſem procedere velis;*
Litoráque, & vacuos ſensit ſine remige portus:
† *Flaventéſque abſciſſa comas Prob:* Jupiter? *ibit*
Hic (ait) & noſtris illuſerit advena regnis?
‡ *Non arma expedient, totâque ex urbe ſequentur?*
---------- *ite;*
Ferte citi flammas, date vela, impellite remos.

But

" But run and row, ſound and unſound,
" And thoſe you kill not, bring home bound.
" * But tarry here, good magiſtrate,
" Your big commands come now too late:
" Poor Dido, ſorrow makes thee giddy,
" They're got to ſea five leagues already.
" † Queen thou art mortal and muſt die
" A ſacrifice to letchery.
" Time was thou might'ſt have ſomething done,
" But now farewel dominion.
" ‡ This was our huffing Trojan captain,
" That his fair mother's ſmock was lapp'd in.
" Of twenty Greeks this was the cob,
" And brought away his Gods in's phob,
" And through the fire, a-pick-a-pack,
" Bore the old ſinner on his back,
" Bed-rid Anchiſes; this was he
" Made the brave voyage o'er the ſea.
" This was your truſty Trojan, this:
" Now he ſhews what a man he is!
" || Whilſt he was here, why did I not
" Cut the falſe rogue's devouring throat?
" § Or of a baſtard make a pye,
" And, being bak'd in paſte of rye,

---

* *Quid loquor? aut ubi ſum? Quæ mentem inſania mutat?*
Infelix DIDO *!*
† *Nunc te fata impia tangunt*
Tùm decuit, cum ſceptra dabas. ‡ *En dextra fidéſque!*
Quem ſecum patrios aiunt portare Penates:
Quem ſubiiſſe humeris confectum ætate parentem.
|| *Non potui abreptum divellere corpus, & undis*
Spargere?
§ *Non ipſum abſumere ferro*
Aſcanium.

" * Make the good trencherman, his naſty
" Sire, eat his brat for mutton-paſty!
" Why did I not, ere this digrace,
" Kill him, and all his treach'rous † race?
" I then had died reveng'd, where I
" Shall now depart moſt ſneakingly.
" ‡ Thou, Sol, who did'ſt in pimping ſort,
" Becauſe thou would'ſt not ſpoil our ſport,
" Creep into clouds, that rainy weather;
" And you that brought young folks together,
" ‖ Procureſs Juno, Jove and all
" Ye members of Olympus' hall;
" I charge ye, as ye're folks of faſhion,
" Grant this my lateſt § ſupplication.
" If nothing can the rogue withſtand,
" But that he muſt get ſafe to ** land,
" Let it be ſuch a land as he
" Had better far, upon the ſea,
" With all his comrogues have been drown'd,
" Than ſuch a wretched place have found.
" May he, where he expects his leaſes,
" Ne'er know what ſuch a thing as peace is:

——— * *Patriiſque epulandum apponere menſis?*
——— † *Natúmque patremque,*
Cum genere extinxem; memet ſuper ipſa dediſſem.
‡ *Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia luſtras:*
‖ *Tuque harum interpres curarum, & conſcia* Juno,
Nocturniſque Hecate ———
Et diræ ultrices, &c. ———
——— § *Noſtras audite preces* ———
** *Si tangere portus*
Infandum caput, ac terris adnare neceſſe eſt.

* But

" But be drubb'd daily back and ſide,
" Till his bones rattle in his hide.
" May he ne'er ſleep an hour in quiet,
" But be diſturb'd with rout and riot;
" Black be his days, and may his nights
" Swarm with hobgoblins, ghoſts, and ſprights;
" May ſtrangers daunt him with bravado's;
" † And ſpirit's ſon to the Barbado's;
" May he at laſt fall worſe than ſea-ſick,
" And find no quack to give him phyſick:
" ‡ No help for money, or for love found,
" But let him die and rot above ground;
" May none give houſe-room to the mungrel;
" But let him periſh on ſome || dunghill.
" And, when his treach'rous ſoul's departed,
" Let his foul carcaſe be deſerted,
" As traytors' quarters, men expoſe
" To hogs, and dogs, and kites, and crows.

" § This my laſt pray'r is, hear it then,
" I ſhall ne'er trouble you again.
" And be't your care, ye Tyrian ** nation,
" To plague this wicked generation.

—— * *Bello audacis populi vexatus & armis,*
Finibus extorris ——
—— **Compelxu avulſus Iüli,*
‡ *Auxilium imploret* ——
—— || *Videâtque indigna ſuorum*
Funera: ——
— *Mediâque inhumatus arenâ.*
§ *Hæc præcor hanc vocem extremam—fundo.*
** *Tum vos, O Tyrii, ſtirpem & genus omne futurum*
Exercete odiis; cineríque hæc mittite noſtro
Munera:

Kill

" Kill 'em like rats, that I may have
" Heaps of the rogues pil'd o'er my grave.
" † And may thoſe children that are yet
" To bear, and thoſe that are to get,
" Torment them ſtill by land and water,
" And ſtill may thoſe that follow after,
" Hate worſe and worſe, that ſo it fall,
" The laſt may hate them worſt of all."
† This ſaid, ſhe let a groan and ſigh'd
A doleful ſigh, that propheſy'd
The thread was ſpun, and that the Parcæ
Would ſhortly cut it without mercy.
‡ In mind ſhe weigh'd, as ſhe ſat crying,
What kind of death was beſt to die in.
Poiſon ſhe thought would not be quick,
And, which was worſe, would make her ſick:
That being therefore wav'd, ſhe thought,
That neatly cutting her own throat
Might ſerve to do her buſineſs for her:
But that ſhe thought upon with horror,
Becauſe 'twould hurt her; neither cou'd
She well endure to ſee her blood,
The next came in her thoughts was drowning,
That way ſhe thought 'twould be a done thing
Soon, and with ſome delight; for why
Sorrow had made her grace a-dry.

——— * *Pugnent ipſique nepotes.*
Exciare aliquis noſtris ex oſſibus ultor,
——— *Nullus amor populis, nec fœdera ſunto.*
† *Hæc ait* ———
——— ‡ *Et partes animum verſabat in omnes,*
Invisam quærens quàm primùm abrumpere lucem.

But

But then again ſhe fell a thinking,
She ſhould be ſomewhat long a ſinking,
Having been ever light of members;
And, to diſſuade her more, remembers,
'Twould ſpoil the cloaths might do ſome one
Credit, when ſhe was dead and gone,
On theſe mature deliberations,
She lik'd none of theſe dying faſhions:
But looking up, and ſeeing the rope
Ty'd to the beam i' th' chamber top,
With neat alluring nooſe, her ſick grace
E'en long'd to wear it for a necklace:
And, in that circle, in concluſion,
She prick'd the point of reſolution.
* But an old woman being by her,
One of her chattles brought from Tyre,
An ancient heir-loom to the queen,
'Cauſe ſhe her huſband's nurſe had been;
She meant to ſend her firſt away,
On fleeveleſs errand (as we ſay)
That ſhe might have her ſwing alone,
To do her execution.
" † Cicely" (quoth ſhe) " go to my ſiſter,
" Bid her tie up her head, and wiſh her
" To waſh her hands in bran or flour,
" And do you, in like manner ſcour
" Your dirty golls; for I intend to
" Make a good cheeſe, and for a friend too,

---

* *Tùm breviter* Barcen *nutricem affata* Sichæi;
† Annam, *chara, mihi, nutrix, hùc ſiſte ſororem;*
Dic corpus properet fluviali ſpargere lymphâ,
——— *Tuque ipſa piâ age tempora vittâ*

O'th'

" O' th' morning's milk, let it be her care,
" To take the great brafs pan i' th' larder,
" And fill the milk into't : and hear ye ?
" Take you the large cheefe-fat i' th' dairy,
" And fcour it clean with fand ; bid Joan too
" Get on the pot, that fhe may come to ;
" And, when the cheefe is come, but break it,
" And call ; for I'll come help to make it."
The hobbling trot limps down the ftairs,
And now the defp'rate queen prepares,
* Although her woeful heart did pantle,
To make herfelf a fad example.
† Towards the fatal ftring fhe moves
With tardy pace, as it behoves
Thofe who, by Nich'las led aftray,
Wilfully make themfelves away.
When fhe came underneath the halter,
The colour in her face did alter ;
Whilft down her cheeks round liquor rolls,
As if her eyes had been at bowls.
Firft fhe beholds with trickling eyes,
‡ Æneas's moft dear difguife ;
And as the trowfes fhe furvey'd,
Reflecting how fhe'd been betray'd :
Sighing cry'd out, § " O thou who wert
" The joy and comfort of my heart,

——— * *Illa gradum ſtudio celerabat anili.*
† *At trepida* ——— *& pallida morte futurâ*
‡ *Interior a domûs irrumpit limina, & altos*
Conſcendit furibunda rogos,
——— *paulúm lachrymis, & mente morata,*
‖ *Hic poſtquam* Iliacas *veſtes notúmque cubile*
Conſpexit, ———
§ *Dulces exuviæ, dum fata Deúſque ſinebant ;*
——— *Dixitque noviſſima verba.*

Whilſt

" Whilſt caſket to my deareſt jewel;
" But ſince the fates have been ſo cruel,
" My grief and ſhame, farewel for ever;
" And here I propheſy, that never,
" Whoever may hereafter wear thee,
" Shall mortal Bilbo e'er come near thee.
" Farewel, my lateſt leave I take,
" And kiſs the caſe for ho-boy's ſake."

Thus having ſaid ſhe mounts the table,
Becauſe, though tall, ſhe was not able
To reach the halter that muſt tye
Her faſt to doleful deſtiny;
And, having, like too apt a ſcholar,
Thruſt her plump neck into a collar,
As 'tis, you know, the hanging faſhion,
She thus began her laſt oration:

" * That I have liv'd, quoth ſhe, and how,
" I doubt alas! too many know;
" But that I now will die is known
" To no one but myſelf alone;
" And, if I nature's debt do pay,
" And hang myſelf before my day,
" The cenſuring world can ſay but this,
" That I'm the better pay-miſtreſs;
" And though I die a death, they ſay,
" Make ſufferers themſelves bewray,
" And die uncleanly corps; yet I
" Shall leave, although I purging die,
" And go out ſtrong as candle-ſnuff,
" A fame ſhall ſavour ſweet enough.

* *VIXI, & quem dederat curſum fortuna, peregi.*

* For

" ‡ For murder'd ſpouſe I've made amends yet,
" As far as ſtealing could revenge it,
" And made Pygmalion that undid us,
" Pay ſauce for making people widows.
" And, at my proper coſts and charges,
" A village built, which, for its largeneſs,
" || In a few years might well have grown
" To be a pretty market-town,
" Had not this Trojan varlet come
" T' undo what all my care had done."

Then going to turn of: " * but muſt
" I go, quoth ſhe, and is it juſt,
" I die like felon vile, or traitor,
" Sans vengeance on this fornicator;
" † And, whilſt the ſtallion proudly ſtalks it,
" Muſt I be thus hang'd up for hawks-meat?
" Yes, die, as 'twas foretold thee long ſince,
" If but to trouble the knave's conſcience :"
Then, 'cauſe ſhe would, to part the ſweeter,
A portion have of Hopkin's metre,
As people uſe at execution,
For the decorum of concluſion,
Being too ſad to ſing, ſhe ſays,

Which, with a grace like his that penn'd it,
To her great comfort, being ended,

---

‡ *Urbem præclaram ſtatui; mea mœnia vidi;*
Ulta virum, pœnas inimico á fratere recepi.
|| *Felix, heu nimium felix! ſi litora tantùm*
Nunquam Dardaniæ, *tetigiſſent noſtra carinæ.*
‡ *Sed moriamur, ait; ſic, ſic juvat ire ſub umbras.*
† *Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto*
Dardanus, & noſtræ ſecum ferat omnia mortis.

And ceremonies now compleat,
Proceeding to the final feat;
" Thus, thus," (quoth ſhe) " to ſhades of night
" I go, and thus I take my flight."
* With that ſhe from the table ſwung,
And happy 'twas the rope was ſtrong
Enough, in ſuch a ſwing, to ſtop her,
Her grace might elſe have broke her crupper:
‡ So have I ſeen, in foreſt tall,
From friendly cup the acorn fall,
And bullace tumble from the tree,
As ripe for hanging, down fell ſhe.
She caper'd twice or thrice moſt finely;
But th' rope embrac'd her neck ſo kindly,
Till at the laſt in mortal trance,
She did conclude the diſmal dance:
A yellow aromatic matter
Dropp'd from her heels, commix'd with water,
Which, ſinking through the chamber-floor,
‡ Set all the houſe in ſad uproar,
All at the firſt that they amiſs thought,
Was that her grace had miſs'd the p---pot;
And when the ſtairs they had aſcended,
And ſaw her Majeſty ſuſpended;

---

* *Dixerat; atque illam media inter talia* ———
† *Non aliter, quàm ſi immiſſis ruat hoſtibus omnis*
Carthago, ———
‡ ——— *It clamor ad alta*
Atria, concuſſam bacchatur fama per urbem.

The

The ſervants, frighted paſt their ſenſes,
Tumble o'er beaufets, forms, and benches,
And ran to all the next abidings,
With open cry to tell the tidings.
* Ev'n like unto the diſmal yowl,
When triſtful dogs at midnight howl;
Or like the dirges that, through noſe,
Hum out to daunt their pagan foes,
When holy round-heads go to battle;
With ſuch a yell did Carthage rattle;
† At the firſt news poor Nancy ſhrieks,
And tearing hair, and ſcratching cheeks,
Ran up the ſtairs, and like a fell ſhrew,
Made all that ſtopp'd her, feel her elbow;
Till having joſtled all oppoſers,
And thruſt ſome twenty on their noſes,
At laſt the place ſhe ſet her feet on,
Where Dido hung to dry or ſweeten:
" ‡ Was it for this, ah, ſiſter, ſiſter,
" That I was ſent to Gaffer Twiſter
" To buy a rope! was this, quoth ſhe,
" Your fine device to cozen me!
" Could none a halter elſe prepare ye,
" But I muſt be made acceſſary!
" Why knew I not thy dire intent, as
" I ſtill thy chiefeſt confidant was!

---

* *Lamentis gemitûque & fœmineo ululatu*
Tecta fremunt, reſonat magnis plangoribus æther.
Non aliter quàm ſi, &c. ———
† *Audiit exanimis, trepidòque exterrita curſu*
Unguibus ora ſoror fœdans, & pectora pugnis,
Per medios ruit, ———
‡ *Hoc illud, germana fuit?* ———
‖ ——— *Me fraude petebas?*
Hoc rogus iſte mihi, hoc ignes aræque parabant?

" § What didſt thou know, but kindly I
" Might e'en have hang'd for company?
" But, in thy ruin, I and all
" The people ſuffer, great and ſmall;
" And, in this wiltul woman-ſlaughter,
" §§ Th' aſt hang'd up Carthage ſon and daughter.
" * But ſtay, methinks I am not haſty
" To cloſe thoſe eyes that ſtare ſo ghaſtly;"
† Which ſaid her buttocks on the board
She toſs'd that all the chamber roar'd;
And being an active laſs and light,
At one jump more ſtood bolt upright.
‡ Thrice in her arms did Nancy catch her,
Thrice thump'd her boſom to diſpatch her,
And thrice her lateſt breath did roar,
In hollow ſound at poſtern-door.
|| Then Juno, who had ever been
As 'twere ſworn ſiſter to the Queen;
Hearing the lamentable cries
That from her village pierc'd the ſkies,
Down towards Carthage bent her looks,
Where ſeeing all things off the hooks,

---

§ ---------- *Comitémne ſororem*
Spreviſti moriens? eadem me ad fata vocáſſes,
Idem ambas ferro dolor, &c.
§§ *Extinxti me tèque, ſoror, populûmque, patréſque*
Sidonios, urbèmque tuam. Date, vulnera lymphis
* *Abluam,* ----------
† ——— *Sic fata, gradus evaſcerat altos,*
‡ *Semianimèmque ſinu germanam amplexa fovebat*
Cum gemitu, &c. ———
Ter ſeſe attolens, ———
Ter revoluta toro eſt, ———
|| *Tum* Juno ———

And

And Dido, in unſeemly ſort,
Hang dangling there; being ſorry for't,
‡ And loth a Queen in hempen tackle
Should to Plebeians be a ſpectacle;
She call'd a little emiſſary,
That us'd her embaſſies to carry;
One Mrs. Iris, a main pretty
Nimble houſewife and a witty;
One, that, if bidden once would do't
And had the length of Juno's foot
So right, that, for her parts and feature,
She was become her miſtreſs' creature.
This girl was born (as poets hint to's)
At a ſmall hamlet near Olympus,
And though by birth a dyer's daughter,
Yet had her friends full well up brought her;
And, becauſe Juno gave great wages,
Preferr'd her thither for a pageſs.

Her Juno call'd away from ſtarching,
And big with tears, bid her be marching,
† Put on her wings and ſwiftly clip it,
To cut down Dido from the gibbet.

Iris, when young, had learn'd to fly
(As youth is full of waggery)
Of a tame Jack-daw that ſhe had,
And for her journies lately made
Fine party-colourd'd wings to fly in,
No worſe than of her father's dying;

---

* ——— *Longum miſerata dolorem,*
† ——— Irim *demiſit* Olympo,
Quæ luctantem animam nexoſque reſolveret artus.

Who

Who knowing that his daughter was
To be preferr'd to ſuch a place,
And what ſhe muſt b' employ'd about,
Had ſpar'd no coſt to ſet her out:
* At the command of heaven's goddeſs,
She ties theſe wings faſt to her boddice,
Which waving did adorn the ſky
With all the fair variety
Of colours that the rain-bow ſhows,
When clad in her moſt gaudy cloaths.
Full ſwift ſhe flew, till, coming near
Carthage, ſhe made a chancelleer,
And then a ſtoop, when, having ſpy'd
Queen Dido's window ſtaring wide
Set open, you may well preſume
(As there was cauſe) to air the room,
She nimbly to all folks amazement,
Whips like a ſwallow through the caſement.
† O'er Dido's head ſhe took her ſtand,
And cries, whilſt flouriſhing a brand.
" Sent down from Juno Queen come I,
" Epilogue to this tragedy;
" And thus, O Dido, ſet thee looſe
" From twitch of ſuffocating nooſe."

---

* *Ergo* Iris *croceis per cælum roſcida pennis,*
Mille trahens varios adverſo ſole colores,
Devolat. ——
† —— *Et ſupra caput aſtitit: Hunc ego Diti*
Sacrum juſſa fero, teque iſto corpore ſolvo.

* Which

* Which ſaid, and toſſing high her blade
With great dexterity the maid,
† O wonderful! ev'n at one ſide-blow,
Spoil'd a good rope, and down dropp'd Dido.

---

* *Sic ait* ———
† ——— *Et dextrâ crinem ſecat · omnis & unà*
Dilapſus calor, atque in ventos vita receſſit.

FINIS.

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